

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXVIII.—No. 978.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2nd, 1915.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6½D.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



SPEAIGHT

157, New Bond Street, W

THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR CRICHTON AND HER CHILDREN.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES:—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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FARMERS & INCOME TAX.

IN another part of the paper our legal expert very clearly explains the change in regard to the farmer's income tax, which Mr. McKenna indicated in his budget speech. The increase is considerable, and farmers, proverbially addicted to grumbling, must be congratulated on having accepted it without a murmur. As a matter of fact, it has long been acknowledged by the fair-minded among them that they were let off very lightly under the old régime. They accepted the privilege as compensation for having to contribute an undue share of the Highway Rate. It is a real grievance that roads which are subjected to the wear and tear of heavy vehicles, including even motor omnibuses from town, should in so large a measure have to be maintained by those whose traffic is only that of farm carts to the station and a light gig to market. But the financial purist likes each tub (or tax) to stand on its

own bottom. The light assessment for income tax was an inheritance from days when farming was a ruinous profession owing to the abundance of imported cheap food. If a farmer was obliged to sell his wheat, as happened often enough in the nineties of last century, for something like twenty shillings a quarter, he could not be expected to contribute largely to the national income. But times have greatly improved with agriculture, and for years past a class of smaller tenant who farmed a hundred acres or so of land at a rent of a pound an acre, altogether escaped the collector's net, even though he might easily be making an income considerably above the £150 limit. It may be doubted indeed if the Chancellor has yet been successful in devising a means to extract from the pocket of the farmers that exact proportion of income which he obtains from, say, the salaried servant of a limited liability company. On taking a holding a good man is expected to have as capital about £10 per acre, say £1,000 for 100 acres, and £100 would be a fair average rent. As a return for his labour and skill, as well as interest on his investment, he would scarcely be content with two pounds a week, and, indeed, if he were only a bluff ordinary farmer he might fairly be expected to make from £200 to £300 per annum.

But the great difficulty lies in the impossibility of calculating his real income. Not only is it true, as our correspondent points out, that he is most reluctant to keep exact accounts, but those who are superior to this weakness can scarcely work out the figures of an exact balance sheet. The farmer cannot get at the real facts in regard to his personal expenditure. Probably he averages his savings over a period of years and gives the result as his income or about it. But then with him the cost of living varies to an extraordinary degree. The man who earns a salary is taxed on the amount, and in these days of high prices may have only a small margin left.

In lean years the producer of food is in the most advantageous position. To begin with he pays no house rent, as it is the custom for the farmhouse and out-buildings to go with the holding. His rent covers the lot. It covers, too, a spacious vegetable garden and a tolerably good orchard, the cultivation of which is done by men engaged for farm work. At a slack time he sends one or two to dig or weed, and as their wages would go on in any case, this is no special outlay. Eggs and bacon for his breakfast, good joints for his dinner, vegetables *ad lib.*, fruits in their season—all these he has at a cost price so low as to be incalculable. Even the nag he rides stands rent free in the big farm horses' stable, and his keep is never felt. At a time when meat is scarce and dear, what a convenience it is to have chickens on the premises to produce eggs which are selling to-day at two pence halfpenny each, or be killed for the table. More than that, he can, under the Ground Game Act, sally forth with his gun or his ferrets and not only supply the kitchen with rabbits but make pocket-money by selling them—and rabbits cost eighteen pence apiece just now. When he asks a friend to sup with him, what is easier than to shoot a hare, a few wood pigeons, or a brace of wild duck to grace the table? For all these things a man who has only his salary has to pay heavily out of his income, and therefore they must be held to form a part of the income of the farmer. But the income tax man could not set down their exact money value on paper on account of the indirectness with which the cost falls. They and the war prices, however, will help the farmer to pay the additional contribution to income tax for which he is asked in the Budget. At any rate, they and the jolly open-air life of his occupation, the opportunities for sport and pleasure, help to make the farmer's life attractive at all times except those in which the rest of the population is fattening on cheap food. That state of things existed for long, but it has gone not to return in our lifetime.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Arthur Crichton and her children. Mrs. Crichton is a daughter of Colonel the Hon. Walter Trefusis, C.B. Her husband, who is a brother of the Earl of Erne, served through the South African War, and is now on the General Staff.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES

WHEN the long waiting was broken at the beginning of the week and the British and French commanders were each enabled to report the achievement of a great feat of arms, nothing could have improved the manner in which the announcement was received both in France and in this country. Increased cheerfulness, but no exultation, marked the reception. Confidence in the final result has never been shaken, but it was greatly increased by these victories. Yet everybody is aware that they can be, at the best, only the beginning of an end which probably is a long way off yet. The very journals which brought the information to us told of train-loads of guns and ammunition being hurried to the western front by the Germans, and it is as certain as anything can be that the foe will direct all his energy to the repayment with interest of these heavy strokes. For that we must be prepared. But the people in both countries have the assurance that the well tried courage and skill of the armies and their leaders will once more be able to repel the Germans as they have been repelled before.

AT the very first it was felt as the most satisfactory feature of the success that it would relieve the tension in Russia. Our much tried but stout-hearted and tenacious Ally has fought on splendidly under circumstances that would have depressed any other nation in the world, and this strong offensive on the western front is an imperative call upon the enemy to look to his home defences. Day by day the Russians have been improving their position, and up to the time of writing Hindenburg has secured no advantage. Some of the German newspapers have been asserting that Lord Kitchener was only playing to the gallery when he said in the House of Lords that the Germans had shot their bolt in Russia. They did not know Lord Kitchener or they would not have committed themselves to this assertion. It is not the way of Lord Kitchener to indulge in irresponsible chatter. His words are invariably weighed and used with precision. The sequence of events that have occurred since his address was delivered has gone far to prove the truth of his assertion. Our Allies will be inspired to perform deeds of still greater valour by the knowledge that the offensive has been so successfully assumed in France and Flanders.

NOTHING could exceed the cordiality with which Mr. McKenna's great budget was received. Very little objection has been taken to it, even among the cavillers who are never keener to find fault than when schemes of new taxation are propounded. The objections raised are fewer than any previous budget of our day has called forth. Yet it had a great defect. It did not deal with the important aspect of finance which is summed up in the word retrenchment. As we showed last week in a note, national expenditure has been more than doubled within the last quarter of a century, and simultaneously the expenditure of local bodies has also extended. A great deal of this is due to legislation which was only rendered possible by the extraordinary prosperity of the country. And now when this prosperity is checked, not only as it affects Great Britain, but also the other belligerent countries, the time

has come when the spending of the national income should be gone over item by item and, as far as possible, cut down. In what were flourishing businesses before the war, salaries and expenses have been reduced to meet the altered circumstances. The Government after all is the greatest business in the country, and any worthy attempt to reduce the expense of carrying it on in the same way as has been done in private bodies would meet with universal approbation.

IN another part of the paper appears an article by Mr. Douglas Carruthers on the Cedars of Lebanon, a subject which the vicissitudes of war have invested with a melancholy topicality. Newspapers last week made the definite assertion that the Turks are massing troops in Syria for another descent on Egypt, and incidentally it was mentioned that coal is so scarce in the neighbourhood that they are depending for fuel upon the remains of the Lebanon Cedars. Of course, protest against this sort of thing in a time of war is futile and powerless. The demands of armies and even populations defended by them are imperative. Yet there are few who will read without regret of the destruction of these trees. As Mr. Carruthers says, Lebanon to-day is desolate as compared with what it must have been once; "naked rock and sterile scree now reign where once dark forests thrived." But he also tells us that the remaining trees are "probably the oldest and certainly the most historical trees in the world." The very phrase "cedars of Lebanon" conjures up a picture as beautiful and as definite as that other which resembles it—"the Mount of Olives." Under the horror of this war many a monument handed down from old times has been destroyed, but there can be none to regret more than the Cedars of Lebanon.

THE ENCHANTED LAKE.

There's a silver lake I love
Glistening in the evening light,
There are mountains ranged above
Leading up from height to height,
Veiled in mist and soft appealing,
Swept by storm and cloud revealing,
Ever changing, ever seeming
Like a vision seen while dreaming.

By an island, dark and green,
Where the lonely heron breeds,
In the shadowy pool are seen
Salmon lying in the reeds—
In the glory of the spring
You can hear the fairies sing,
When the autumn gold is falling,
Day and night the lake is calling.

Happy those who, as in dream,
See approach the end of pain,
Knowing that the wind will bear them
To the enchanted lake again—
In the shadow of the hill,
In the moonlight pale and still
One, for ever, they will dwell
With the lake they love so well.

EDITH GORDON.

AT the present moment British agriculturists may learn a great deal from America. Here extensive cultivation prevails to an extent that seems almost incredible in view of the generally accepted opinion that a first duty on the part of Great Britain at the present moment is to increase the food supply. In America the lesson has already been learned. Before us lies a recently issued circular of the Michigan Agricultural College Experiment Station, in which the opening sentence is, "It is safe to say that, in America, there never has been so keen and widespread an interest in intensive farming as at the present time." This is prefatory to an exhortation to farmers to make more economical use of barnyard manure. The American farmer, up to quite recently, depended for his crops upon the readily available plant food that had been deposited for his use by the accumulation of ages. He used to get rid of the farmyard manure by burning or some other method of destruction. Now he is urged to have a tight stable floor, with a good absorbent or a cistern for the liquid and arrangements for keeping his manure under cover.

ON this side, the more intelligent farmers have grasped the necessity of such methods, but a vast majority still waste the very best plant food that can be put upon the ground.

Even if we take the injunction so often uttered in farming books, to utilise frosty days in winter for the purpose of carting manure to the ground, we can see to what an extent the wasteful methods are still encouraged. The manure which can be seen lying in heaps upon the soil in those drenching rains and snows which usually come at the latter end of winter is steadily exhaling its most valuable chemical ingredients to the breeze. Before the time comes for spreading and ploughing it into the soil it has lost the greater part of its value. Yet the practice continues and is advocated even by those whom we are accustomed to regard as great authorities upon cultivation.

WHILE fully recognising the excellent spirit which pervades the letter on the increase of food production, emanating from the Duke of Marlborough and a number of more or less eminent agriculturists, we cannot help pointing out that it does not go far enough. The recommendation is that landowners should agree to such a variation of their covenants as would enable farmers to plough up second-rate grass land and grow on it wheat and other cereals. The signatories point out that an increase in the home production of food, and especially of wheat, oats and potatoes, may conceivably prove a decisive factor in this war of endurance. This is excellent, but our more energetic forefathers would not have been content with it. You can still see the marks of their ploughshares on wold and hill that had been allowed to pass out of ordinary farming rotation. There is still plenty of room in England for the continuation of this kind of work, and scope therefore for an indefinite increase in the food supply of this country. The Duke of Marlborough showed the way when he turned his park into farmland, but from the results it would hardly seem as though he acted on the best advice or brought to bear the knowledge that science has put at the disposal of the cultivator of the soil.

AN expert in forestry, writing in reference to a note published in last week's issue, says that a really destructive fire should not be possible in a well laid out forest. He suggests that the best way is to divide the ground planted into plots of ten acres each. Round each plot there should be a fringe of coppice, and between the plots roads and broad grassy drives which should be from time to time ploughed up and re-sown. These spaces would prevent the fire spreading from plot to plot and in many ways would be convenient. English sportsmen, for instance, will readily see their convenience for shooting purposes. The importance of the matter arises from the fact that many owners of land that should be turned into forest hesitate because of the risks. Fire is one and tempest is another. The skilful modern forester claims that by correct management the risk of damage being done by either one or the other is reduced so as to become practically negligible.

MR. GRAHAME WHITE, in the course of a conversation with Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, indulged in a very bold prophecy about the future of aeroplanes. "I fully expect," he is reported to have said, "in fact, I am certain, that I shall be running a daily line of aeroplanes, each carrying fifty or more passengers, between here and the North of England in five years from now; and in ten years and less I shall be running a daily service of great passenger aero-liners between here and New York." So immense has been the advance already that even this forecast, coming as it does from a great master of aircraft, will not be dismissed as impossible of fulfilment. But what a pity it is that these huge flying machines are not available now! Mr. Grahame White in the same conversation waxed eloquent over the capacity of the Zeppelin. He described a monster that has been built. It contains a million cubic feet of gas, weighs twenty-five tons, is driven by seven hundred and twenty horse-power motors and goes at a speed of fifty miles an hour. The big aeroplane he has projected would be a proper match for it.

A PICTURESQUE figure has passed out of politics in the person of Mr. Keir Hardie, who died on Sunday at a nursing home in Glasgow. In this country the voice of political controversy is hushed by the funeral bell, and without changing our views in the slightest degree as to the mischievous effect of Mr. Keir Hardie's teaching, we can for a moment cast an admiring eye over a hard and strenuous career. He began work in the mines as a boy of seven and continued there till his twenty-fourth year, when he became secretary of the Lanarkshire Miners' Union. During that interval he seems to have had no assistance in education from anyone

save an exceptionally gifted and careful mother, who was at least able to teach him to write. He learned shorthand by scratching the characters on the coal seam, and this was but an example of the courageous and persistent scheme of self-improvement that brought him to the front. It can be easily understood how a life so harsh developed the extreme opinions which were eventually to make him notorious in the world of politics.

IT is to be earnestly hoped that abundant funds will be forthcoming in answer to the appeal made on behalf of the Queen Mary's Convalescent Hospitals, Roehampton. It is hardly needful to explain that they exist for the succour of those gallant soldiers who have lost limbs in the war. It has been found that the accommodation is insufficient for the requirements. Over 800 patients are awaiting admission, and among them are many men from the colonies. A large outlay has already been incurred in the erection and equipment of new wards, which will shortly be opened. Not only is attention given to the health of the inmates, but workshops for the proper apparatus are provided for teaching them those occupations which they will be able to pursue. There is also an employment bureau which, working with existing societies and employers of labour, has been able already to place a number of men in good situations.

ALTENAHR: 1915.

Above the crooked roofs the clouds go sailing;
And near the stream, where once I fished for grayling,
The crusty oberkelner stands and scolds.

My rod still hangs upon three nails a-row,
Just where I placed it, if they've left it so.
I'd like to take one little peep, and know.

And every time the landlord looks that way
He thinks of me; and will for many a day.
I helped to break up Germany, he'll say.

The little fishes flick their tails, and rise;
They fear no English feathers in their flies.
And I am back in Yorkshire, growing wise.

HERBERT E. PALMER.

ACCORDING to our daily contemporaries it would seem that the outcry against larger cabinets has carried a certain weight with the Prime Minister. In future a committee or inner cabinet, consisting of eight persons, will exercise control over the war. This cabinet within a cabinet consists of men in whom the country has very great confidence. They are Mr. Asquith, Lord Kitchener, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Bonar Law. If the country had had the choosing of those who are to take up this great responsibility, they could not have made a better choice. In all probability, however, the change is more apparent than real. It has never been the custom to ask an entire cabinet to take charge of affairs. There always has been an inner circle, and the Prime Minister on this occasion is only doing formally what was previously done informally. Anyone who has had experience of committees knows that indecision increases with numbers. So many minds, so many opinions, says the well worn Latin proverb.

IN connection with our article in this week's number "What Worcestershire has done for the War," it may be useful to direct the attention of our readers to an account of "The Bloodthirsty Worcesters," published in the *Morning Post* of September 28th. It is a diary of the fighting in Flanders written by a private. Of course, in this war all sorts and conditions of men are to be found in the ranks, and the author of this diary is, judging from his writing, well educated and highly cultivated. The story has no very thrilling incident in it except the death by shell-fire of the writer's chum, just as they were congratulating themselves on having escaped scathless from some very lively fighting in the village of Gheluvelt—part of that historic battle of Ypres which prevented the Germans from getting to Calais last October. One can feel, however, that he and the other Worcesters quitted themselves like men, and earned the encomium of the division commander, who said: "You are the talk of the British Army"—praise which did not exceed that of Sir John French. In days to come, when the history of the campaign in Flanders is written, this diary will be one of the authorities to be quoted as showing what warfare was like as seen from the ranks.

AN EPOCH-MAKING EXHIBITION OF PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE London Salon of Photography, which opened its doors to the public a week ago at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, 5A, Pall Mall East, has so many points of interest this year that the main feature of the exhibition, the new method of hanging the pictures, may possibly be overlooked by the visitor. In fact, the freshness and brightness of the entire show create so pleasing an impression that one wonders at the energy and organisation that have brought together so strong and complete a collection of pictorial work in these troublous times when it might well be thought that the arts of peace would be in abeyance.

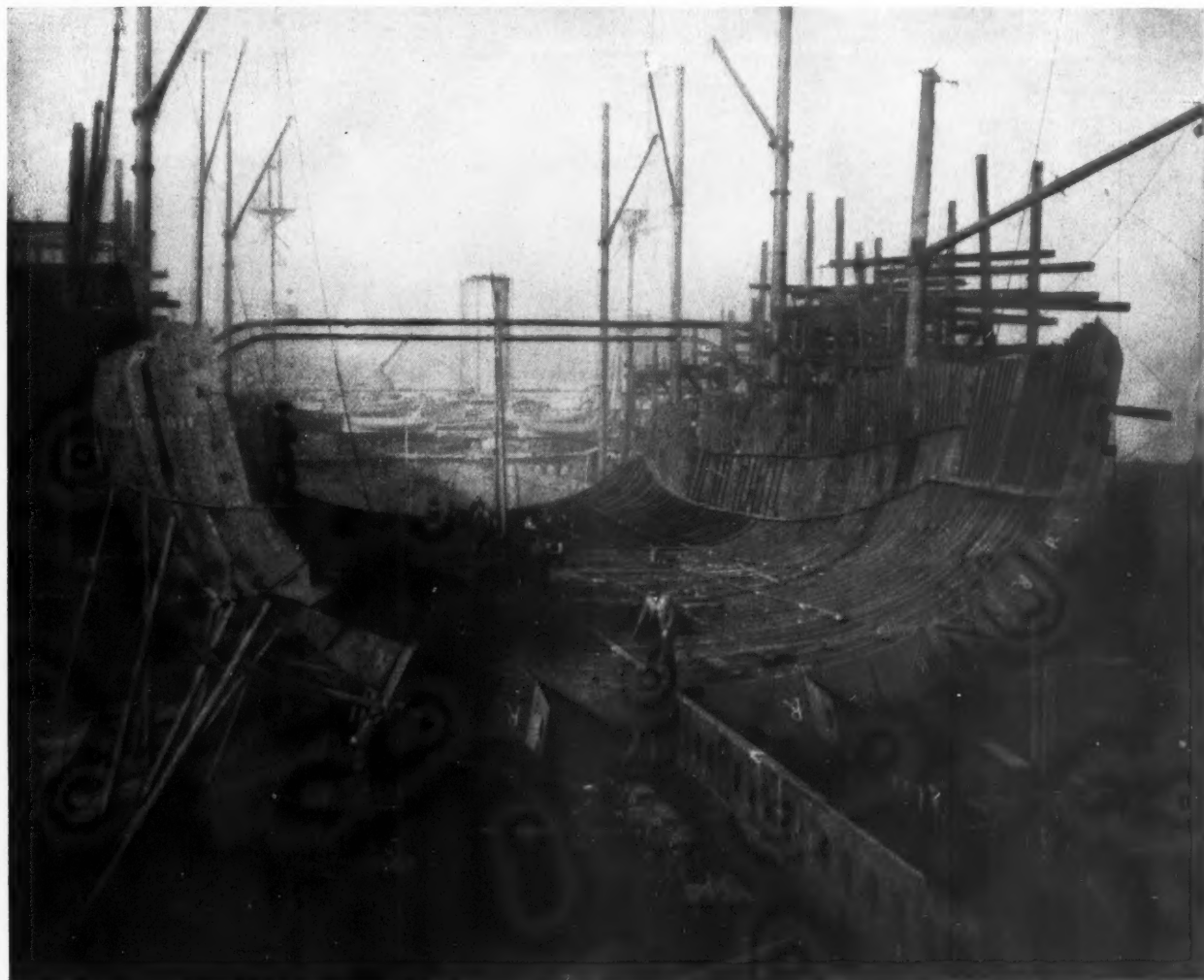
The matter has been accomplished, however, and in spite of the unprecedented conditions obtaining to-day the Salon is not only holding its usual annual exhibition, but has attracted fine examples of camera craft from leading workers in all parts of the world, with the exception, of course, of Germany and Austria. It may be frankly stated that the productions from these countries are not missed, but that, on the contrary, the exhibition is all the cleaner and better for their absence. The straightforward character of the home product has never been seen to better advantage. More than one half of the 366 pictures on view are by British photographers, both amateur and professional. The remainder include striking examples from Canada, the United States, France, Australia, Italy, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Egypt and Spain.

The economic conditions of the war have been borne in mind and the pictures are being shown in a manner that will probably start a new era in photographic exhibitions and, at the same time, do much to encourage and hearten photographers in all parts of this country. Frames have

been abolished, but the Salon is not merely an exhibition of unframed prints. The satisfying effect of the walls covered with well mounted camera pictures, each pinned down flat under a sheet of glass cut to the exact size of the mount, must be seen to be fully appreciated and, incidentally, affords an object lesson to all interested in the hanging of an exhibition of this character. The dark green cloth-covered walls (almost black) assist in creating a well defined surround for each exhibit, and this was probably taken into consideration by those responsible for the arrangement of the pictures.

Those who have followed the photographic exhibitions of the past thirty or forty years will have observed the varied and curious part the frame has played in this newest of the arts. First, the ornamental frame, particularly that terrible type known as the "Oxford." These frames accommodated photographs on light mounts and the prints were frequently surrounded with a bright red line. The prints themselves, usually of the bright and glossy sort, could rarely lay claim to any great pictorial merits; they were regarded as wonderful enough as records and views, and as such they were excellent. Darker mounts and better mounting schemes then grew in favour as the prints improved in pictorial quality, and "close up" framing with no mounts at all became universal at the exhibitions of fifteen years ago. The frames themselves expanded in width of moulding until at one period the average could be said to be 75 per cent. frame and 25 per cent. picture. At this time the white mount was taloo, and the photographic shows wore a particularly heavy and ponderous aspect.

The swing of the pendulum then started in the other direction. Narrow mouldings and elaborate schemes of



F. J. Mortimer.

THE BIRTH OF A BATTLESHIP.

Copyright.

multiple mounting appeared on the walls, and the frames became less and less as the size of the mounts increased. Lighter tints and white mounts reappeared, but were used to emphasise and isolate photographs that now truly claimed every attention on account of their pictorial qualities. Following this the *passee-partout* became popular, and was the first step towards the abolition of the frame altogether. The white mount and thin white frame or binding of white

view of the exhibitor himself is also worth considering, and the new vogue, the conditions of which permit exhibits to be sent by parcels post without frames or glass, and without expensive packing cases and freight charges, should have an important bearing on all future exhibitions of a similar character. Among the variety of subjects represented in the present Salon, pictures of patriotic and topical events find a place, but it is surprising that there are not more.

Whether this is due to the ban on cameras in the districts where such material is available is not clear, but portraiture, landscape and similar peaceful subjects are in a considerable majority.

A large and striking sea piece, entitled "The Vigil," depicting a battle cruiser at sea beneath a lowering sky, brings home to the onlooker the great work our Navy is doing; and "The Birth of a Battleship" gives another vivid rendering of a phase of admiralty. Both these pictures are by F. J. Mortimer. "The Raider," a fine photograph of a biplane approaching a rocky shore, has a dramatic touch which is intensified by the treatment of the sky. This is a very skilful piece of work by Melville Mackay. A prolific worker in the bromoil process is Hector Murchison, who has several fine things on view. One of the best of these is "The Ship Undaunted," a novel point of view of the National Gallery. The title, however, arises from the prominence in the foreground of the sign-board of the Ocean House, at the junction of Pall Mall East and Cockspur Street. On the top of the sign-board, which displays the names of the various shipping lines whose offices are within, is perched a bluff little model ship under full sail, and it is evidently here that the artist found his inspiration. The works of Alexander Keighley, a staunch supporter of the Salon, occupy a prominent place in the present exhibition. His



Melville Mackay.

"THE RAIDER."

Copyright.

or light-coloured paper has been accepted as an ideal method of showing pictorial photographs in the home or gallery during the past year or two.

The revolutionary step, therefore, of this year's Salon in doing away with the frames for an entire exhibition may be well said to mark an epoch. Whether the pendulum will swing back again to the fashion of the heavy frame is doubtful. The present show leaves so little to be desired that such a move could only be regarded as retrograde. The point of

work is always on the grand scale and would hold its own in any company. The hand of the artist is readily perceived in these pictures. His "Loading the Camel," a striking Eastern group, is probably the best of his present contributions. A notable feature of the Salon on this occasion is the fact that the processes by which the pictures are produced do not claim so much attention as in the past. This is as it should be. The pictures themselves are the thing, and the visitor, be he photographer or not, is the more pleased.



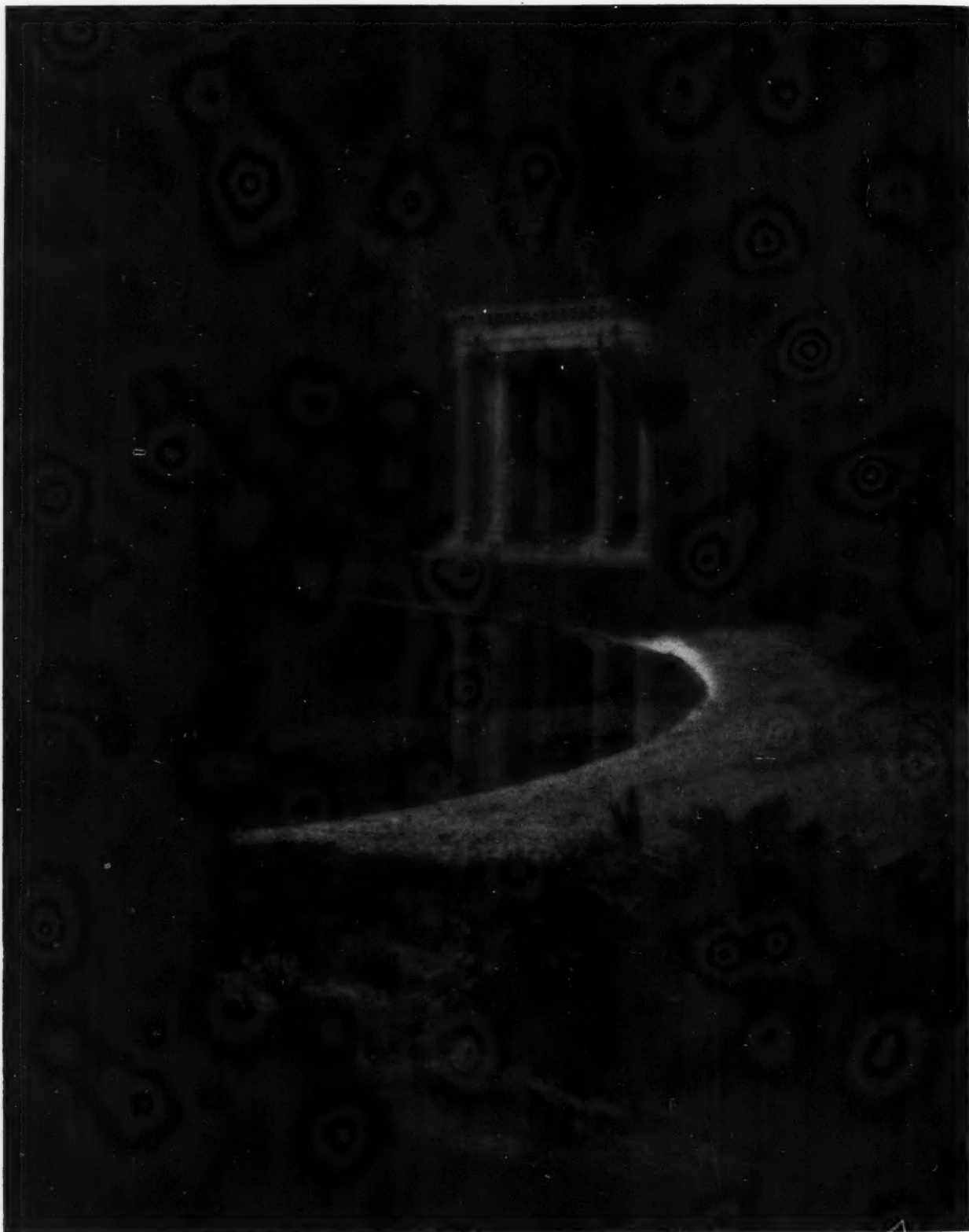
Hector Murchison.

"THE SHIP UNDAUNTED."

Copyright.

Some attractive experiments in colour are shown by R. Demachy of Paris, and Fred Judge exhibits several very pleasing attempts in direct colour photography. Other colour work by J. L. Tucker, G. Hidderley, Miss M. Venables, W. Howat and H. Berssenbrugge of Rotterdam indicates the trend of pictorial photography in this direction. Photogravure finds able exponents in John H. Anderson,

merit. Three fine portraits of the Prime Minister, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Minister for Munitions, by Walton Adams, are specially worthy of attention. Clever costume studies in genre by Richard Polak of Rotterdam and Guido Rey of Turin strike another note in the collection, and among American work the big prints by W. H. Porterfield of Buffalo are very fine indeed. The same may be said of the pictures by



W. H. Rabe.

"THE CRESCENT."

Copyright

J. Craig Annan and Bruce Cameron, and in each case the subjects and their treatment are worthy of the process. The Earl of Carnarvon, a recent recruit to the ranks of amateur pictorial photographers, steps into the front rank with some charming figure studies that compel attention, and Bertram Park, Marcus Adams, Hugh Cecil, Walter Benington, Sherrill Schell and Mrs. G. A. Barton exhibit work of outstanding

H. C. Torrance of Pittsburgh and W. H. Rabe of California. Two beautiful little architectural subjects by Frederick H. Evans claim admiration. These are "The Porches of Rheims" and "Durham Castle," and are gems of their kind. Two Scotsmen, James McKissack and Dan Dunlop, have some clever studies, and the work of H. Mortimer Lamb of Montreal and H. Cazeneaux of Australia is also good.

CEDARS OF LEBANON.

BY DOUGLAS CARRUTHERS.

THE cedar forests which once clothed the seaward slopes of the Syrian highlands were the "glory of Lebanon." But the remnant of those primeval forests which supplied timber for Babylonian temples, and were a profitable possession of Hiram, the Phœnician King, are only a sad reminder of a glory that has departed.

The cedars have lost their claim to be the pride of Lebanon; barren grandeur and beauty of colour are in these days the leading characteristics of these delightful mountains, for naked rock and sterile scree now reign where once dark forests thrived. Yet sufficient remains to show what Lebanon must have been in the old days; a mockery, no doubt, of their ancient splendour, but on the other hand an interesting relic and a valuable heritage. Living trees such as these, which their most sanguine admirers claim to have been contemporary with Solomon, must be reckoned as one of the historic treasures of the world. Not only does their fame rest upon traditional grounds; their beauty of form and power of growth have been extolled in Psalm and verse by the bards of many lands, while their

was likened to the cedar in words too wonderful to be left unquoted:

"Behold, the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs.

"The waters made him great . . . therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long because of the multitude of waters, when he shot forth.

"All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations.

"Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches: for his root was by great waters.

"The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him: the fir trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut trees were not like his branches; nor any tree in the garden of God was like him in his beauty.



THE LEBANON VILLAGES OF HASRUN AND BSHERREH.

shadowy groves in still earlier days were the object of veneration.

The primitive Nature worshippers could not have chosen a finer ideal than this giant tree—perfect in every moment of its existence, an emblem of beauty, strength and vitality.

It is easy to understand the admiration that the cedars evoked in their native land. To the inhabitants of the otherwise barren Lebanon, to the wanderers in the deserts beyond, and even to the dwellers in the hill country of Palestine, these trees must have been miracles of creation. These people only knew the delicate palm, the gnarled olive and stunted scrub oak; compared with these the gigantic boles and spreading arms of the lordly cedar were indeed a mystery. In any land it is a tree that attracts attention; but in such a naked, treeless country as Syria and Palestine it is especially appreciated. Small wonder that it became "the tree of the Lord" and a symbol of power. The Eastern mind could find no better simile for expressing greatness, grandeur, excellence of character or loftiness of purpose. The might of the Assyrian Empire

"I have made him fair by the multitude of his branches: so that all the trees of Eden, that were in the garden of God, envied him."

Again: the success of the good man is guaranteed by the promise that "he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." And when the earth is shrouded in misfortune and tragedy, the metaphor used is: "Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down."

But the cedar has fallen on bad days; it has not escaped the curse that has settled on to those fair lands. The blight of desiccation, the ravages of unthinking and unworthy guardians, the canker of a stagnant government, have all done their share in the destruction of what was once the glory of an historic land.

In the days of yore the cedars were not carefully guarded relics, but actually formed the source of a lucrative timber business. As long ago as 2450 B.C. we know that the contractors of the Babylonian Kings brought cedars from the Amanus Mountains, in Northern Syria, to the Euphrates, whence they floated them down to their destination. Even as late as 1000 B.C. they must have been very plentiful,



"WITH FAIR BRANCHES AND WITH A SHADOWING SHROUD."



ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT SPECIMENS.

for Solomon raised a levy of 30,000 aliens in the Land of Israel for the sole purpose of hewing timber in Lebanon.

The supply, no doubt, gradually decreased as the population increased and the rainfall diminished. The uncontrolled destruction of the forests went on without interruption, so that in the absence of regeneration their doom was sealed. What is left of the former glory of Lebanon is but a few isolated and comparatively insignificant groves. In point of fact, there are to-day five distinct groups of cedars, but the most famous of these does not possess above 400 trees, all told; and of these there is a very small proportion of real patriarchs.

The actual geographical distribution of this cedar is not limited to the Lebanon. It also exists on the Amanus Mountains, in Northern Syria, and on the Taurus Range, in Asia Minor; while *Cedrus Libani* is really only a local form of a large family which thrives in the Himalaya as the deodar, and in North Africa as the Algerian cedar. As a matter of fact, the Lebanon cedars do not bear comparison when brought into contrast with others of their kind; but the romance of their environment and their historical interest envelop the remains of King Hiram's forests with a glamour of their own.

Here, in their ancient home, the residue of those forests which once darkened the seaward slopes of lovely Lebanon still hold their own, aided by the timely protection granted them by European sympathisers. At an altitude of about 6,300ft. above the sea, in sheltered amphitheatres surrounded by naked ridges and imposing crags, nestle the five remaining groups of cedars. None of them is more than fifteen miles from the coast in a direct line.

The best known grove, and that which contains the oldest trees, is situated at the head of the Kadisha Valley, a little to the south of the culminating peak of the Lebanon. It is a day's ride inland from the

port of Tripoli. In the neighbourhood is a comparatively new grove which was started and preserved by a local Maronite Bishop. These are a standing proof of what can be done in the way of reafforestation. The other three groups are in the Southern Lebanon, and are more easily approached from Beirut, or, better still by way of the station of Ain Sofa, on the Damascus Railway.

This locality is known as the Jebel-el-Arz, or Cedar Mountain, the grove of cedars being situated close under a 9,000ft. ridge of barren limestone. Here the solitary 400 are set in a lifeless, silent world of rock and scree where no other vegetation exists, shown off to perfection by a background of drifted snow and naked boulder in winter and of utterly barren, bleached flanks in summer. Seen from a



A PATRIARCH OF THE GROVE.

These three are all close together, but are distinguished by the names of the villages to which they belong, namely, Ain Zahalta, Maâsir and Bârûk. Of these, the Bârûk grove is the best known and most frequently visited; it is also the largest group of all five. The oldest trees, though, are to be found in the northern, or Bsherreh, grove.

distance, they appear as a little black dot in the imposing amphitheatre of hills: but on closer acquaintance they prove to be spread out into several scattered clumps, covering the hummocks of an ancient moraine. Surrounding the principal group is a wall, which was originally built by a Turkish Pasha, as the result of appeals put forward by interested Western travellers. As late as 1880 the cedars

were unprotected from the ravages of goats and the less excusable destruction by man. The property is actually in the possession of the Maronite Patriarch. The Bârûk groves belong to the neighbouring villages, and the owners exercise the right to hew, cut and destroy just as it pleases them. In this fuelless and timberless country it can be understood why the cedars suffer.

The Bsherreh trees vary in size from quite slim stems to those with a circumference of over 40ft. In height the tallest does not exceed 80ft., while the oldest monarchs do not come near this standard. There are no young trees, so that it appears certain that the doom of this particular grove is sealed. The oldest trees are gradually falling into decay and perishing. There has been much wanton vandalism. Here, as elsewhere, fools like to see their own names, and "the trees of the Lord" are inscribed with Western symbols. Many of them, too, have been burnt at the base.

But, it will be asked, what is the impression given by a visit to these strange remnants of antiquity, left stranded

refuse them admittance into his park." To those who go on purpose to compare, all things are disappointing. As individual examples of botanical splendour the cedars may be disappointing. That is not their boast. It is the romance of their age, the phenomenon of their existence, that should appeal to one. "English oaks," it has been said, "which have seen Roman legions are nothing beside these patriarchs." All estimates of their age are, doubtless, somewhat risky and uncertain. Besides, what do mere figures mean? But when Urquhart, meditating on a branch of a cedar which was a fourth or fifth rate one, and on counting its rings, finds that it must have been as old as the Ottoman Empire—that gives one something tangible to think over. He goes on to say that "the bough out of which it grew, rating it in like manner, was as old as the Norman Conquest: its parent branch, again, might in the days of Solomon have sprouted from a branch then worthy to sustain an architrave in 'the house of the forest of Lebanon,' and which had shot from the main branch during the building of the Pyramids"!



OVERLOOKING THE BSHERREH GROVE.

on the naked mountain side? Why is it they elicit so much enthusiasm? One is apt on these occasions to allow one's emotions to run riot and to fall into the snare of exaggeration. Violent contrasts of scenery tend to destroy one's sense of proportion. In a naked land, also, where detail is so much in evidence, broad effects are lost, colour and size lose their right values.

One must judge the cedars of Lebanon with due regard to their environment. It is, however, a lesson in temperament to read the impressions of previous travellers on visiting these sacred groves. Some have obviously been worked up to such a pitch of expectation and enthusiasm that they have seen everything through coloured glasses and have only been able to eulogise. Others apparently went purposely to scoff, and relate their impressions of the cedars with relentless sarcasm. No two authorities agree, as is the habit of investigators of anything relating to so-called "Bible-lands." To one, the cedars are so tall that the birds in their topmost branches were out of shot; another retaliates by declaring that he could easily throw stones over them! A missionary goes into ecstasy over them, but a British Consul saw only "exaggerated Christmas trees"—"so mean and so ragged that an English country gentleman would

Tennyson, too, touches on the mystery of their great age. In pregnant words he grants them an existence coeval with the birth of human life.

O, art thou sighing for Lebanon
In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East,
Sighing for Lebanon,
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased,
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,
And looking to the South, and fed
With honey'd rain and delicate air,
And haunted by the starry head
Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,
And made my life a perfumed altar-flame;
And over whom thy darkness must have spread
With such delight as theirs of old, thy great
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there
Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from whom she came.

With all due allowance for exaggeration, the cedars remain probably the oldest and certainly the most historic trees in the world. In such a sheltered position as they occupy, and in so dry a climate, granted protection from unwarrantable harm by man and beast they will remain for many generations. But unprotected, they will surely soon only exist in the Song of Solomon.

RATHLIN ISLAND.

BY MAUD D. HAVILAND.

"THE Island of Rathlin,"

wrote Petty, "resembleth an Irish stockinge, the toe of which pointeth towards the main lande." Twice a day fierce tides sweep round the cliffs of Fair Head and into the turbulent channel, known as the Sloc-na-marra, which separates the island from the mainland, and on the north-west it is exposed to the full strength of the Atlantic storms. Rathlin is now in connection with the main-

land by wireless telegraphy, but the landing on both sides is bad, and sometimes during rough weather a boat cannot put over to the island for three weeks at a time.

Rathlin must have been called into existence by some immense cataclysm of the ancient world. To the south and south-west the coast-line is low and broken, showing in some places the columnar formation of the basalt of the neighbouring Giant's Causeway and Staffa. At Doon Point the rock columns have taken a most peculiar curved shape, as if the basalt had been unable to support its own weight and had drooped sideways like a tallow candle in a hot room. To the north and west the cliffs rise to a height of four or five hundred feet, and on a clear day, not only the Scottish coast, with Cantire, Islay and the Paps of Jura, but the Inishowen Peninsula with Inishtrahull can be seen.



THE WHEATEAR: A COMMON MIGRANT AT RATHLIN ISLAND.

Legend says that the Seven Sons of Usnach sailed along this coast with Deirdre on their fatal journey to Emania, and later the four enchanted swans, the children of Lir, used to swim across the stormy Sloc-na-marra towards the strands of Antrim.

These travelled to Rathlin in the heroic days, but it was in search of immigrants of another kind, though not one whit less wonderful, that we visited the island in the autumn

of 1913. Lying midway between Scotland and Ireland, it seemed to offer a natural resting-place for that great tide of bird migration which twice a year sweeps through Western Europe and flows down either coast of Ireland. However, Rathlin scarcely justified our hopes as a station for observing migration. It is a large island, averaging nine miles in length and two in width, and as most of the cultivated ground, which represents almost one-third of the acreage, consists of fields of standing corn and beans, it was by no means easy to discover what arrivals had appeared during the night. Besides this, the southern point of the island is not more than five miles from Fair Head, and it is probable that a large number of birds pass straight over to the mainland. Moreover, when the weather in autumn is fair and settled, there is no need for the birds



TURNSTONES ON MIGRATION.

to hurry southwards on their way to their winter haunts. They travel leisurely, and it is often very difficult to know whether any migratory movement is taking place or not. On September 12th, however, in stormy, unsettled weather, a rush of wagtails, accompanied by a few wheatears, appeared. A little patch of strand was crowded with the birds, all busily engaged in chasing the flies and sand-fleas that abounded in the rotting seaweed. Most of the migrants were pied wagtails (*Motacilla lugubris*), but among them were a

to the large or Greenland race—*Enanthe æ. leucorrhœa*. On September 30th a large number of the birds arrived on the eastern cliffs, and early in the forenoon a spot about two furlongs square was buzzing with wheatears. By the evening they had dispersed for the most part, and by the next morning all had gone. These wheatears had one taste not very common in small birds, namely, a liking for bumble bees. Three stomachs, out of four that I dissected, contained the remains of these insects, and one day a pair of wheatears were observed pecking at some bees that they had carried to the top of a rock for execution.

Other interesting migrants were a turtle-dove and a mealy redpoll. The latter belonged to the Greenland race, which has very rarely been recorded from Ireland. Goldcrests were common visitors, and their little peevish voices might be heard, not only in sheltered bushes, but also among the bare rocks of the seashore. These rocks were a favourite resort of wading birds—dunlin, ringed plover and redshanks—and, towards the end of the month, a solitary grey plover. Turnstones, however, were the commonest shore birds, and any day small parties could be seen toddling solemnly over the tangled fucus, and occasionally shaking it vigorously

to dislodge small crabs and shellfish. Most small birds, especially waders, are of intensely serious demeanour. Nothing can exceed the gravity of the dunlin, for instance—his deportment would be becoming in an archdeacon; and for the same reason I cannot readily joke before the lesser tern or the titmouse. The only enemies that the turnstone has to fear are those that fly overhead. Consequently, his upper plumage is marvellously well devised to harmonise with his surroundings. While sitting one day on a high rock

overlooking the shore I saw what appeared to be a patch of seaweed in motion, but on looking closer it turned out to be a flock of turnstones. The human observer nearly always views the bird *sideways* instead of from *above*, and consequently the protective value of the mottled upper parts is lost.

The lonely tarns and moors at the west end of the island are favourite resorts of duck and snipe during cold snaps, but the rocky coast does not offer much inducement to the more marine species. However, twice during our visit small flocks of eiders appeared in Church Bay. The islanders call this duck the "shell-duck," probably because the plumage of the drake is pied in both species. It is not uncommon off Rathlin in spring and autumn. At one time the western cliffs were a notable resort of different kinds of sea birds—razorbills, puffins, guillemots and gulls—but for the last two years they have been almost deserted, probably

because the birds have been disturbed by the building of a new lighthouse close by; though one great rock-stack, called Dun-Mohr, was still white with nests. The raven, peregrine and chough still breed in Rathlin, and almost any evening small parties of the latter species could be seen playing together along the face of the cliffs. Reared upon these storm-swept crags, what the chough does not know about wind currents and "air pockets" is not worth knowing. It is a fine thing to see a score of these birds



ROCK FORMATION AT DOON POINT, RATHLIN ISLAND.

number of the white wagtail (*Motacilla alba*). The white wagtail, like the greater wheatear, whimbrel, phalarope and others, follows one of the wildest and loneliest paths in Europe on its way to and from its summer haunts, for the majority of the members of these species travel by the West Coast of Ireland to reach the North; but while the other birds are hardy and strong flighted, it seems marvellous that a bird so slender and delicately built as the white wagtail should brave the terrific storms that sweep over that



THE BIRD ROCKS OF THE WESTERN CLIFFS.

exposed seaboard. The wheatear—that cheeriest of birds—was frequent. Other migrants often arrive in a more or less battered condition, but no matter how far he may have travelled during the night, nor how strange his surroundings may be, the wheatear is always optimistic and sprightly in the morning, and his lively white tail coverts often lent a touch of animation to scenes that in themselves were sombre and desolate. All the wheatears observed on Rathlin between September 16th and October 1st belonged

chuck themselves—no other word describes their action—over a sheer precipice four hundred feet high, fall headlong down towards the sea, then, checking their giddy parachute in mid-air, soar up to the brink again to repeat the performance.

The grace and freedom of their flight is not excelled by that of any other bird. Long may this beautiful and much persecuted species find a stronghold in the "Fortress of Ireland."

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO & THE WAR.—I

By MAGDA SINDICI.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO cannot be looked upon as a decadent writer, rather as an apostle of life and renewal. He is also in some measure the biographer of a peculiar generation. Of the first decades that followed the Risorgimento it might well be said that they witnessed the creation of a kingdom of Italy in which there were as yet no Italians. The impact of modern problems fell upon an amorphous, fluctuating mass, tossed about by contradictory impulses, distinguished by irrelevant characteristics difficult to do away with because the national consciousness still held nothing with which to replace them. What are commonly called the lessons of history were of little avail as sources of inspiration, because of the gulf that has widened between modern conditions and the dead and gone conditions which made them possible. The new moral life was filled out with belated foreign echoes ringing on temperaments that had outgrown enthusiasm and had not yet discovered purpose. And all that which fermented, doubted, despaired, hoped and struggled for birth in the minds of his contemporaries found a meeting place in the brain of the young poet who came fresh from his country town to the capital—the capital which, in his unbounded power of quickening evocation, held for him, being Rome, the whole world.

"Io farò una finzione che significherà grandi cose." (I will imagine a fiction which shall signify great things.) These words of Leonardo's, placed on the title page of an early novel, are a synthesis of his intention: to signify through words and through the beauty of words the great things that happen in the walled gardens of men's souls and go forth from there to build the future of a race. Other writers have been in love with life; Anatole France is a name that places itself under one's pen in this connection. They have loved life as it is, whatever it does, with a kind of weary and detached suspicion that the more changes take place, the more it will be the same thing all over again in some other way. But d'Annunzio is in love with life as he would have it—with the splendid life that is dead, fixed in certain tragic images, splendid in the mask, it has made for itself out of fate and sorrow; with the deep, jealously guarded traditional life of peasants and fisher-folk; with the life of a rare, overstrained yet vigorous minority foreshadowing a type that might not enchant everybody, but pleases him. Above all, he is in love with the unspoken destiny of his country, profoundly conscious of what genius—and to some extent genius alone—can do for it. "In the life of a people like ourselves," he says in "The Flame of Life," "great manifestations of art weigh much more than a treaty of alliance or a tributary law. That which is undying is worth more than that which passes away. The daring and the cunning of a Malatesta are preserved for all eternity in a medal of Pisanello's. Of all Machiavelli's politics, nothing would survive if it were not for the sinews of his prose. . . . The fortunes of Italy are inseparable from the fate of Beauty, of whom she is the mother. And that sovereign truth now seemed to him the approaching sun of the divine, far-away ideal fatherland through which Dante wandered. 'Italy, Italy!' The name that has intoxicated the world sounded over his soul like a rallying cry. Should not a new art, robust in both roots and branches, rise from ruins steeped in so much heroic blood, and should not this art sum up within itself all the forces latent in the hereditary substance of the nation? Should it not become a constructive and determining power in the third Rome, pointing out to the men who were taking part in its government the primitive truths to be made the basis of new forms."

The beings which d'Annunzio creates are all shadowy, while their spiritual adventures are vivid enough; it is as if they themselves mattered less to the author than the processes for which they stand. They are all at war, not so much with an exterior destiny as with an inner necessity, not so much with obstacles as with imperfections and insufficiencies. They are, like the author himself, their own fate. All of them shake some burden from their shoulders and hurry on towards the turning of their road, towards liberation, towards renewal. "The sun sets"—I quote again from "The Flame of Life." "The light that is born in the heavens dies in the heavens, and each day is ignorant of the light of another day. But the night is one, and its shadow is on every countenance, and its blindness is in every eye except on the countenance and in the eyes of him who feeds his fire in order to illumine his strength. I know that the living are as the dead, the waking as the sleeping, the young as the old, because the change of the one brings forth the other, and each change has pain and joy for equal companions. I know that the harmony of the Universe is made of

discords as in the lyre and in the bow. I know that I am and that I am not, and that one alone is the way, high or low. I know the putrid odour and the numberless infections that go hand in hand with human nature. And yet, beyond my knowledge, I continue the accomplishment of my manifest or secret works. I see some perish while I still last, I see others that seem as if they must last eternally beautiful and exempt from all miseries, no longer mine, although born from my deepest evils. I see all things changing before fire as fortunes do before gold. Only one thing is constant, and that thing is my courage. I can never sit down, except to rise again."

Even a rapid survey of one or two of his books will show this tormented effort to reach something vibrant and constructive. Only in "The Child of Pleasure" do we find a man who knows of no reaction against events or tragedies or ironies; an over-sensitised dilettante who can indeed understand and enjoy in his slightly amazed and provincial way, as of one not yet accustomed to his own "rightness" in the determining of externals, but who can take nothing into his own hands, make nothing, destroy nothing. The long fight of d'Annunzio's prototype for what is nearest perfection or completeness in human experience begins with "The Triumph of Death." Giorgio Aurispa is jealous, exasperated by the difference of fibre in the creature he loves, and powerless to think out a life with her; too sane to think of continuity as possible, too morbid to bear the thought of her life with another or others, after they shall have separated. His way out is suicide, dragging Ippolita with him over the cliff from which he flings himself.

In "The Virgins of the Rocks" this same need for some perfect mode of further living manifests itself in the instinct of choice. Claudio Cantelmo desires a son who shall realise for his century and his race the living essence of his own dreams. With faith and yet with doubt, with fastidiousness and intensity, he tries to choose the right mother for this son between three perfect sisters. He desires that "setting free" which creation means, but he is not an artist, nor a dictator; he and the woman he chooses must, therefore, create within the limits of their blood and bone. Their son may be the dictator who shall make for his country the glory that awaits it.

In "Piu che l'amore" liberation and expression call with the cry of strange lands, unexplored and full of lure. Corrado Brando obtains the money for a tropical expedition, the desire of which obsesses him, by killing an old moneylender and stealing his hoard. He is loved, but the far country is more to him than love. The play was not a stage success because it has at first sight its unconvincing side. There seems to be no fatal necessity for the crime. One cannot help thinking that it would have been easier to obtain a government grant or a subsidy from some scientific society than to murder the miser. But those who have criticised in this sense have not recognised Corrado Brando. His way could only be through crime, because he is a primitive and violent being bewildered by civilisation; it is easier for him to kill than to persuade and negotiate; who knows whether that which called him was not the voice of some mysterious unexplained kinship with dark lawless men and beasts no hand could tame? In "Forse che sì, Forse che no," passion that would restrain and suffocate is destroyed by a woman's madness; in the story of Paolo Tarsis' fight with shadows and escape into the wide spaces of new endeavour on his aeroplane—the first to cross a stretch of water—we see the appearance of the new heroism and the new romance that the world will extract from its young machines and its different gamut of risks.

D'Annunzio's political career, though it was brief, and had but little bearing on the work which his restless vision of a great-hearted Italy inspired, was not without a certain quaintness. In his speeches to his constituents he did not promise the population of his native town and the hamlets round about it immediate and fantastic benefits, such as new roads, school-houses or drinking fountains; he talked to them about themselves, about those things of their past which they ought to remember; about the flowers upon their hedges. I have not these speeches before me and they are not easy to get at, but I remember the impression the report of them produced in Rome in their day, and that impression was of much the same type as the attitude one imagines in the contemporaries of St. Francis of Assisi, with all due recognition of obvious differences, when he was caught by the rural population preaching to the birds and fishes. The friends of Gabriele d'Annunzio gave him indulgent smiles, his critics sneered, but his people elected him.



MURTHLY CASTLE stands in the midst of flat and richly wooded policies near the Tay, a few miles from Dunkeld. It came into the possession of the Steuarts of Grantully in 1615, when Sir William Steuart, sixteenth of his line, purchased the barony from the Abercrombys. His father had married Margaret Abercromby, but she did not bring Murthly with her, as some genealogists have affirmed. The Grantully Steuarts in turn derived from the Steuarts of Innermeath and Lorn.

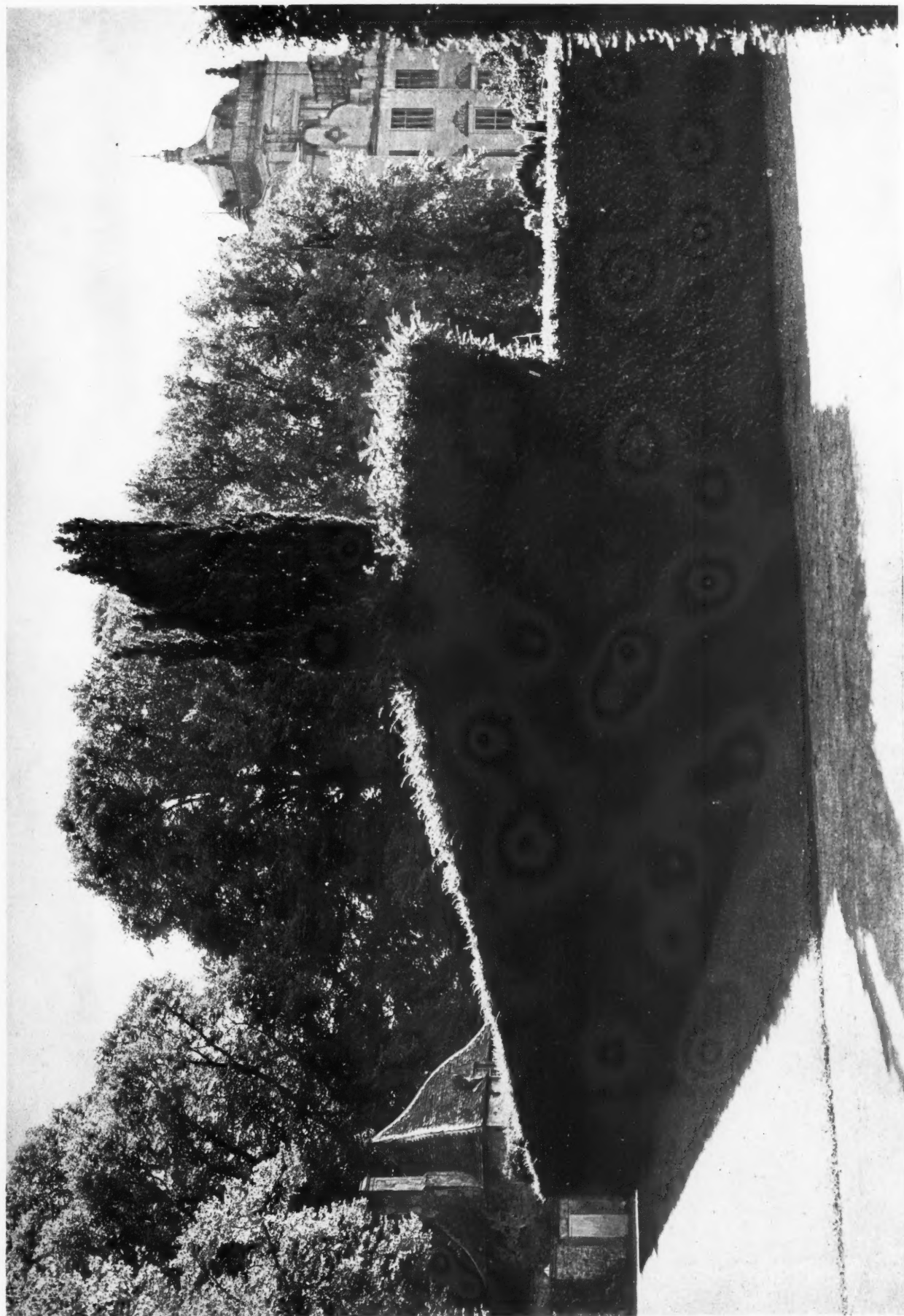
The chief seat of the family was Grantully Castle, a typical Scottish mansion on the bank of the Tay, near Aberfeldy, which dates from about 1560. It would appear that Sir William Steuart made additions to the east side of the small keep which he found at Murthly, and he left a definite mark in the carved stone with the Royal coat of arms and the date 1616 which is built into the wall of the hall. Much work must have been done during the long ownership of Sir William's son, Sir Thomas, who held the estates from 1646 to 1688, because stones of old dormer gables bearing the dates 1666, 1673 and 1677 have been used again in later reconstructions of parts of the castle. The next important alterations seem to have been done by Sir George Steuart, cousin and successor to Sir Thomas's son, who died without issue. Sir George's father was Sir Thomas Steuart of Blair, an

eminent Scottish lawyer, who received a baronetcy and became a Lord of Session with the title of Lord Balcaskie. Sir George is said to have pulled down three courts which stood in front of the castle, maybe surrounded by buildings of poor character; we may certainly attribute to him the pedimented projection on the east side, which was added to give the castle accommodation and an air more befitting eighteenth century ideas of comfort. At the head of a double flight of stone stairs a door gives admission at the first-floor level to an entrance hall.

An interesting light on eighteenth century manners in Scotland is thrown by the employment as gatekeeper at Murthly by Sir George of a dwarf named Jemmy, whose liberties were a survival from earlier centuries. His chief duties were to weed the forecourt and to open the gate. His pleasures included squatting on the floor in the dining-room during meals and commenting in caustic fashion on any conversation he did not like. He hated his master, and treated him with a studied impertinence, which was tolerated in the same way that mediæval kings bore with the sharp tongues of their jesters.

Even more notable than the castle is the formal garden of striking design, which lies to the south-east. This must have been laid out by the Sir Thomas who died in 1688, because the garden house, which is seen in our pictures, is dated 1669. It is quite possible that he was aided in this





WHERE TWO YEW WALKS MEET.
The unfinished house is on the right.

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UNFINISHED HOUSE FROM NORTH CORNER OF THE SQUARE GARDEN.



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IRISH YEWS.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

work by his nephew, Lord Balcaskie, who did distinguished service to the science of arboriculture. If so, it is worth remembering that another fine piece of garden design is to be seen at Balcaskie in Fife, though the latter was more probably laid out by Sir William Bruce, the King's Surveyor in Scotland, who sold the estate to Lord Balcaskie. Bruce only held it from 1683 to 1689.

Whoever may be credited with the Murthly Castle garden conceived it on generous lines. On the south side of the south wing is a broad terrace running east and west. From it an ample stairway leads down to a walk finishing in a round pool, in which a leaden boy rides astride a dolphin. The formal garden is divided by yew hedges and arches into square compartments, which are ornamented with vases and gay with flowers. At the south-east corner is the two-storey garden house with a long flight of stone steps to its upper floor. The beauty of the garden is much enhanced by the gigantic shell of a house which was begun in 1831 by the sixth baronet to the designs of Gillespie Graham, but never finished. It lies almost due south of the old castle, and so forms a spectacular background to the formal garden. It was conceived as an Elizabethan mansion on a scale positively Gargantuan. Although roofed, it was never fitted

with floors and windows, and the huge unglazed openings give it the air of a gaunt giant, blind and paralysed. Graham's scheme for the approach from the south to the new house was finely worked out. Two splendid avenues run north and south on either side of the great grass plat which

But the architectural history of Murthly Castle, interesting as it is, is put in the shade by the part which one of its owners, Colonel, afterwards Sir John, Steuart, played in the events which led up to the most dramatic civil trial which Scotland ever saw. This Sir John was second son of Lord



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THE GARDEN HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

stretches out from the entrance front. The building is as melancholy an example as one may meet of a great enterprise begun and never consummated. It stands as a grim reminder of human unwisdom and serves no better purpose than a back cloth to the theatre of the old garden.

Balcaskie, and did not succeed his only brother, Sir George, as head of the Grantully family until the latter's death in 1759. He had a chequered career, for after coming out in the 'Fifteen and fighting at Sheriffmuir, he fled from Scotland and became a colonel in the Swedish Army.



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CASTLE FROM END OF TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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GARDEN FRONT: GABLE AND STEPS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

In the year 1698 was born Lady Jane Douglas, only sister of Archibald, third Marquess and only Duke of Douglas. Her love affairs were long and complicated. Old Anne Duchess of Buccleuch, the widow of the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth, was very favourable to an early match between Lady Jane and her grandson, the Earl of Dalkeith, who afterwards became second Duke of Buccleuch. Had this union been consummated, the Buccleuchs would have added to their considerable estates the great Douglas property. For some reason the match fell through, probably owing to the scheming of the Duchess of Queensberry, who contrived to marry her sister-in-law, another Lady Jane Douglas, to the future Duke of Buccleuch. Our Lady Jane was then only twenty-two. She must have been a woman of great attractions, for it is said that she afterwards refused offers of marriage from the Dukes of Hamilton and Atholl and the Earls of Hopetoun, Aberdeen and Panmure. Feeling herself affronted by Dalkeith's defection, she went off to Paris with intent to bury herself



A LEAD FOUNTAIN.

in a convent, but her brother, the Duke, after fighting a duel with the unwilling lover, brought her home again. Many years afterwards Colonel John Steuart appeared as a suitor. He was a widower when he met Lady Jane, and had a son, John Steuart of Farnese, who inherited a good estate through his mother, and afterwards helped his father in the days of his adversity.

Lady Jane was, perhaps, a little difficult to woo, for some misunderstanding arose between her and Colonel John Steuart, and they parted for ten years. The marriage eventually took place secretly in August, 1746. The Colonel, who was described by a contemporary as "a prodigious, fine figure of a man," was then fifty-nine, and Lady Jane close upon forty-eight. Both of them were very poor, and as Lady Jane was on very bad terms with her brother, the Duke of Douglas, and feared that he would cut off her income, they did not disclose the marriage, and went to live privately abroad. After travelling through Holland and staying at many

places which are now much in the public eye, such as Liège, Sedan and Reims, they arrived in Paris, where on July 10th, 1748, Lady Jane gave birth to twin boys. The elder was christened Archibald, and the younger Sholto; "one," as she wrote to her brother, the Duke, "a promising child, the other a poor thing, so weak that I fear it is little to be reckoned on."

The Duke made no reply, and in spite of the efforts of the Earls of Crawford and Home, refused to recognise his sister or her marriage. Still worse, he did not accept the story of her motherhood. The situation concerned him closely, because he had no children of his own, and other presumptive heirs were only too glad to put in his mind that a fraud had been contrived, and that his sister, who was then forty-nine, was not the mother of the twins. She returned to Scotland, and took her sons to Douglas Castle, but the Duke refused her admittance. Almost penniless, the broken-hearted lady was driven to a little

inn in the town of Douglas, from which she wrote her brother an impassioned letter, and sought to vindicate "the cruel false aspersion that my enemies, wicked and designing people, have as unjustly as cruelly spoke against me." The Duke remained obdurate, and soon afterwards Sholto, the younger child, died of a fever. The tragic position told on Lady Jane's

health, and in November of 1753 she died, truly, as we may well believe, of a broken heart. The implacable Duke at first refused to concern himself with her burial, but at length agreed that she should lie in the Abbey of Holyrood.

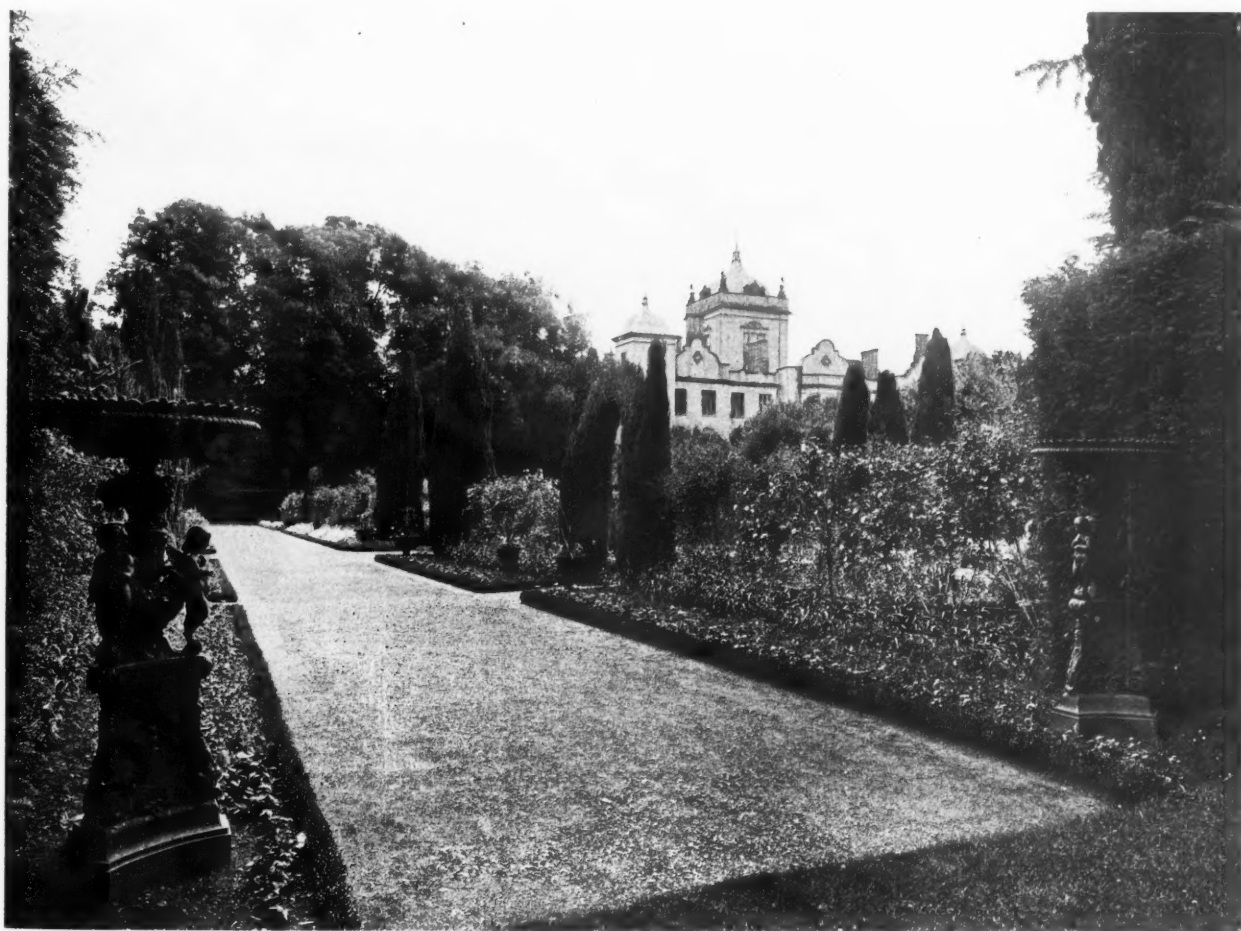
The reconciliation which all her pleadings could not achieve during her life was effected by a letter written just before her death, in which she forgave his harshness. Remorse brought amendment, and the Duke bitterly regretted the cruel way he had treated his sister. Meanwhile Colonel Steuart was sunk in poverty, and it was not until 1759 that



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ENTRANCE FRONT OF THE UNFINISHED HOUSE.

"C.L."



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A CORNER OF THE SQUARE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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SENTINEL YEWES.

"COUNTRY LIFE.

he inherited from his brother, Sir George, the Grandtully estates and the baronetcy. Five years later he died, and was buried in the chapel at Murthly. His last act was to make a solemn declaration about Lady Jane and the twins. "I firmly believe the children were mine, as I am sure they were hers." In the time of his new prosperity Sir John Steuart had settled a good income on his son Archibald, but the boy found a stronger champion in an unexpected quarter. The Duke of Douglas had married in 1758 Margaret Douglas of Mains, but there were no children. She took up the cause of Archibald Steuart with the utmost vigour, and succeeded in persuading the Duke that the twins had been in truth his sister's children. He entailed the

whole estate in favour of his father's heirs, which meant in effect young Archibald Steuart, and, failing such heirs, in favour of Lord Douglas Hamilton. When the Duke died there was no formal opposition from the next heir, the Duke of Hamilton, and the young man, as heir to his uncle, received a charter from the Crown of the Douglas estates,

and changed his name from Steuart to Douglas. Soon afterwards, however, Hamilton brought an action to set aside the title, but the Court of Session decided in favour of Archibald, who was then being educated at Westminster School. The Duke of Hamilton returned to the charge; the legal contest was renewed in another form and developed into the famous Douglas Cause. All the leaders



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LOOKING INTO THE SQUARE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE.

of the Scottish Bar were briefed as counsel on one side or the other, and after the trial had dragged on for years Archibald's cause was lost by the casting vote of Lord President Dundas on a bench of fifteen judges. The feeling in Scotland was intense. Everybody took sides. The most shameless attempts were made by the Hamilton faction to influence the judges, and they tried even to drag the King and Queen into the controversy. Undeterred by the adverse decision, the Duchess of Douglas carried her nephew's case to the House of Lords, where, happily, it finally prevailed. The result was popular. As soon as the news reached Edinburgh all the houses were illuminated, and the mob broke the windows of the unjust judges who had decided against Douglas in the earlier trial. History has accepted the truth of the unhappy lady's motherhood,

and Carlyle, after a full examination of the evidence, found it "impossible to believe that such a Lady Jane was capable of any baseness or deliberate mendacity whatever."

With the later history of Lady Jane's son we are little concerned, and, indeed, it was uneventful. He was made a British peer in 1790 as Lord Douglas of Douglas, but the title became extinct in 1857 on the death of the fourth holder.

Lady Jane's husband, Sir John Steuart, the third baronet, was succeeded in the Grantully and Murthly estates by Sir John, the son of his first marriage. His grandson assumed the additional name of Drummond on succeeding to the estate of Logiealmond. The title became extinct on the death in 1890 of the eighth baronet, who was succeeded at Murthly Castle by his kinsman, Mr. W. Steuart-Fotheringham.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.

IN THE GARDEN.



Reginald A. Malby.

RHODODENDRONS SHADED BY CEDARS AND EVERGREEN OAKS.

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PLANTING HARDY RHODODENDRONS.

FEW trees and shrubs, if any, are more exacting in their requirements than Rhododendrons. There are certain conditions of the soil of which they are most impatient. For instance, they will not tolerate a sour soil or one containing an excess of lime, neither will they succeed in a soil that is liable to become too dry on the surface.

As we are now on the threshold of the planting season it is well that we should give due consideration to the likes and dislikes of these, the most beautiful of all hardy evergreen shrubs. Rhododendrons love moisture and shade. They like moisture overhead as well as at the roots. They are shallow rooting, and if the surface of the soil becomes parched it may be fatal to them, while the spade and hoe should not be used near to their roots.

In places where Birch trees, Pines and Heather abound Rhododendrons are almost sure to thrive. At Bignor Park they grow and flower beautifully under the partial shade of Cedars and backed with Evergreen Oaks. Rhododendron ponticum is often grown as a covert shrub. It makes a splendid undergrowth to Birch, Spanish Chestnut and Conifers, and is one of the few shrubs not attacked by hares. In dense shade, however, the Rhododendron does not flower at all freely.

No one has yet been able to explain why Rhododendrons show a marked dislike to the presence of lime, although the subject has been widely discussed. The writer is acquainted with a

garden on the slopes of the chalk downs of Berkshire where repeated attempts have been made to grow Rhododendrons. Before planting, large beds were excavated and filled with peat and Bagshot loam. For the first two years the Rhododendrons grew satisfactorily, but later, when the beds were doubtless permeated by the surrounding chalk, the plants eked out a meagre existence and were afterwards grubbed up and burnt. Not profiting by experience, the experiment was renewed a few years later with the same disastrous results. Now, to excavate beds in unsuitable soil is an altogether wrong procedure, for sooner or later the injurious element is certain to reach the roots of the plants. A far better plan if Rhododendrons are to be grown on unsuitable soils is to raise the beds to form a bank, making the outside secure by forming walls of turves.

Rhododendrons grow quite well in a fibrous loam, even without an addition of peat. Clayey soils are improved by the addition of peat and leaf-soil. It is a mistake to make up a soil with too much light material such as sand and leaf-mould which would soon become dust dry in a spell of hot weather. Leaves form a natural surface mulch and should always be present, while the addition of cow manure is beneficial to established plants.

October and November are two good months for planting Rhododendrons, but they may be planted any time up to the end of April providing the weather is open, for they must not be lifted on the approach of frost. The following varieties

are quite hardy; they should be planted about six feet apart, to save replanting a year or two later on:

Pink.—Pink Pearl, Kate Waterer, Alice, Mrs. E. C. Stirling, Gomer Waterer and Fair Rosamund.

Red.—Doncaster, Charles Bagley, John Waterer and James Marshall Brooks.

White.—Baroness H. Schröder and Mrs. J. Waterer.

Purple.—Everestianum, Othello, and fastuosum (of which there is a double form, flore plenum).

Bicolour.—Sappho, Helen Waterer and Marchioness of Lansdowne.

Rhododendrons should be planted to form bold, natural groups on banks, in glens, or on the outskirts of the woodland. To place them in small formal beds is to lose half the charm of these noble shrubs.

WILD AND CULTIVATED ROSE HIPS.

IN the reign of Richard II Rose hips were used, with red wine, sugar, hot spices and blanched almonds, for the making of Saracen sauce, and in the seventeenth century they were extensively used for making tarts. Compote of Rose hips is still said to be sold by the bucketful in Continental markets, but in this country their economic use has been entirely lost. To-day we treasure the brightly coloured Rose hips in autumn because they are so pleasing to the eye, but the time may again come when the Rose hips of our lanes and hedgerows may, after the removal of the seeds and hairs, be as much sought after as Blackberries. There is a variety of the wild Dog Rose that has long, arching branches with showers of bright red hips. It is known as *Rosa canina subcrispata*, and it looks extremely pretty if planted in the wild garden, especially when growing near to the water's edge. *Rosa alpina lucida*, the Sweet Briar, and Janet's Pride also carry a plentiful supply of hips that look very pleasing at this time of the year. But the finest of all the Rose hips are those of *Rosa Moyesii*, a comparatively new species from the mountains of Western China, where it is found at an altitude of between 7,000ft. and 9,000ft. The blooms, which appear in June, are of a peculiarly rich shade of red, and they are succeeded by large pear-shaped, orange-red hips, some of them over 2in. long. Other Roses worth growing for their hips are *Rosa pomifera*, with deep red gooseberry-like fruits; *R. atropurpurea*, smooth red fruits with hairy stems and purple-hued foliage; *R. rugosa alba*, with hips rather larger and brighter in colour; and *R. rubrifolia*, with deep crimson hips borne in large clusters, the foliage being a delightful grey in colour.

C. Q.

A YOUNG HEATH GARDEN.

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

IT is not yet two years since the ground was cleared, and already the Heath garden has a look of young maturity. Its site was a woody place with a thin sprinkling of Oaks; the soil is sandy, and there is a natural undergrowth of Heath, Bracken and Whortleberry. The space cleared of trees measures about 300ft. one way by 200ft. the other. All around is the natural woodland of Birch, Oak, Holly, Juniper and Spanish Chestnut. The part where the Heaths were to be planted was cleared of all other roots and dug over—not trenched; trenching would have brought pure sand to the top, whereas plain digging kept the thin skin of peaty soil within root reach, and provided depth enough for the needs of the Heaths. In some places, tongues or promontories of the natural growth were left; they are of long shape, running down obliquely with the line of the path. Their value is apparent in that they so well connect the wild ground with the planted that no line of junction can be seen, the planted Heaths having the appearance of being there naturally. A careful selection of cultivated kinds was made, of not too many varieties. For winter bloom there is *Erica carnea* and *E. hybrida*, and near them the tall *lusitanica* and *arborea* and the fine hybrid *Veitchii* with the rather tall growing *E. stricta*. The *carneas* are planted so that they will shortly form a continuous mass; the others are in informal groups, one group thinning out at the edges to join in to the next. The general form of the groups is that of longish drifts following each other in a quite uneven succession, varied by thicker or thinner patches, and here and

there entirely broken by the projecting promontories of natural Heath and Whortleberry. Near the front are rather extensive patches of the beautiful white variety of *Menziesia*, the Irish Heath, followed by the rather rare native *E. ciliaris* and its Portuguese congener, *E. maweana*. *E. ciliaris* is one of the best of Heaths, with its large pink bells and downy foliage with ciliated edges, and has the further advantage of a long succession of summer blooms. It is so good that it is remarkable that it should be so generally neglected in gardens. Also in front are the varieties of *E. cinerea*, pale pink and white—the white very good. These are followed by the Bell Heather or Cross-leaved Heath, *E. Tetralix*, in nature growing preferably in wetish ground, though fairly contented in dry. These are backed by

a good planting of the Cornish Heath (*E. vagans*) in three varieties that will form thick, bushy masses 2ft. high. At the further end of the Heath garden are several of the many varieties of *Calluna*, of which the tall whites, *Hammondi* and *Searlei*, are of special beauty.

When the Heaths were placed the ground was by no means covered with the nursery plants, but, except for some spaces left for other suitable growths, it was more or less filled with young plants of the three wild Heaths common in the district. Places in the neighbouring widespread heathy wastes, where four years before there had been a great heath fire, were newly covered with a prosperous growth of young plants, and by the permission of a friendly Lord of the Manor we could collect what we might want. In this way delightful young tufts of *E. cinerea*, *E. Tetralix* and *Calluna* could be had, and were filled in between the nursery plants. There are some wild things common to heath land that we thought it desirable to add. These are the Wood Sage (*Teucrium Scorodonia*), with small Sage-like leaves and spikes of Mignonette-coloured bloom; Harebells and the very pretty blue Sheep's-bit *Scabious* (*Jasione montana*). These give just such points of interest as constantly arrest

attention and compel admiration when passing over the natural wastes. For the rest, any remaining spaces of ground are toned down into harmony with the whole by a short, furry growth of moss. The paths are covering themselves with seedling Heaths and Thyme and the natural peat-loving grass *Aira flexuosa*, whose tufts of hair-like foliage soon tread down into a short, close turf.

A seaplane was sighted to-day over Nazareth.—DAILY PAPER.

Nearly two thousand years ago
From there He watched the summer sky,
His wistful eyes sought through the blue
For grace to live and strength to die—
What visions must have floated by
Across the skies of Nazareth.

Perhaps He had His boyish dreams
Before too much of grief He knew.
While yet the vision of the Cross
Seemed too far distant to be true,
I think some magic shadows flew
Across the skies of Nazareth.

Perhaps he saw the fickle crowd
That hailed Him King before he died,
His gentle heart a moment touched
By just a simple human pride:
Or were such dreams to Him denied?—
The King who lived in Nazareth.

Past, present, future are but words
To those Eternity makes wise,
Perhaps His boyish heart beat fast
And brighter shone those wistful eyes
To see a seaplane cross the skies—
The summer skies of Nazareth.

CELIA CONGREVE.



Reginald A. Malby.

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THE ORANGE-RED HIPS OF ROSA MOYESII.

WHAT WORCESTERSHIRE HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.

"If one unit can be singled out for especial praise it is the Worcesters."
—Sir John French in his fourth despatch, November 20th, 1914.

SOME time ago an officer, just returned from the front in Flanders, was asked to say which of the British regiments had done best throughout the campaign and had gained most glory. He replied that it was a hard question; that at least a score had done magnificently and would be in the running for the top places, but that if he had to name one before all others, he would name "The Worcesters." The Guards regiments, the most famous Highland battalions, the best of the fighting men from Ireland, all join in the chorus of praise for the Worcesters.

A regiment of the line little known to the public, how came it to hold such a position in the eyes of the British Army in Flanders? It is that, in the supreme hour of a critical battle, the Worcesters saved the day. Had it not been for the incomparable valour of the Worcesters—only six hundred strong—the first great battle of Ypres might have been lost and the British Army driven to retreat. The British lines had actually been broken; the village of Gheluvelt had been taken. There was a wide gap

reserve company of the Worcesters now came on and prolonged the line of the battalion into the village. It was a counter-attack in which the three companies of the Worcesters fought with "the strength and majesty" of Cole's Fusiliers at Albuera, but the price was no light one. Instead of a general retreat, the whole line stood firm, and the first battle of Ypres, which continued for eleven days after this critical hour, ended in the failure of the great German offensive. And henceforth, in addition to their old name, "The Firms"—taken from the fighting motto of the old Thirty-Sixth—the Worcesters will be known as "The Line Repairers," because of their prowess at Gheluvelt on October 31st, 1914. But even before Gheluvelt the 2nd Worcesters had won renown. They had formed part of the 5th Brigade in the 2nd Division of the First Army at Mons. They were near the centre of the British force, which suffered less than the flanks, and the men showed a gay spirit at their first taste of artillery fire, singing ragtime and other songs in their trenches. To encourage them, Captain Gerald Lea exposed himself to fire with an almost reckless gallantry. In the retreat through



H. Walter Barnett. Copyright.
THE HON. GERALD WARD, M.V.O.
Who is reported missing.



Lafayette. Copyright.
THE EARL OF DUDLEY.
In command of the Worcestershire Yeomanry.



Elliott and Fry. Copyright.
LIEUT. H. JAMES, V.C.
Who has shown great gallantry at the Dardanelles.



Thomson. Copyright.
LORD HINDLIP.
On the General Staff.

through which the Germans were pouring, and the order had even been given to the Artillery to withdraw the guns through Ypres, and to the 1st Division to fall back and take up a position to cover the general retreat.

And then the impossible happened. An orderly brought to Sir John French the news that the German advance had been stopped and that Gheluvelt had been retaken. Retaken by whom? By the 2nd Battalion of the Worcesters, led by Major Hankey, who, from a wood near the Menen-Ypres road, had made a glorious counter-attack and filled the perilous gap, and by the coolness of their fire and a bayonet charge, and aided by temporary irresolution on the part of the Bavarians opposed to them, had entirely changed the fortune of the day. Three companies advanced at first, under cover of a small wood, but at one place over two hundred yards was bare of cover, and in this small space no fewer than a hundred men fell dead or wounded. The men came on in short rushes through a rain of shrapnel, but they pressed on until they reached the road, and formed up with their right on the northern edge of the village. The

Mezières and St. Quentin southwards, during which, at the last, many of the Worcesters linked arms as they marched to keep themselves from falling, their casualties were light; and on September 6th, when twenty miles from Paris, the advance began.

On the 8th they were heavily engaged, and lost many killed, wounded and prisoners. After crossing the Marne, the Worcesters forced the passage of the Aisne on September 13th

under heavy fire, by means of ropes, ladders, poles and a single girder of the bridge at Pont-Arcy. This the men crossed in single file, the flooded river washing perilously near their crazy foothold, and entrenched themselves on the heights above Verneuil on the south bank. In these trenches, in what the men called the "valley of death," the Worcesters spent eight days, and were sent to rest on the 21st. By that time many officers had fallen, among them Captain Gerald Lea, "a brave man, who would not take cover," and Captain Pepys, who led his men in a bayonet charge in which two companies of the Worcesters, the Highland Light Infantry, the Connaught Rangers and the King's Liverpool Regiment took their part on the 20th. Left lying wounded on the field

of battle, he still used his revolver, until he was brought back into our lines by Private Willet and Lance-Corporal Davies under heavy fire.

When the 1st Army Corps moved to West Flanders, the 2nd Division extended from Langemarck to Zonnebeke on October 20th, and the 23rd and 24th were heavy days for the Worcesters, who were under heavy rifle and shrapnel fire. On the 24th they were ordered to advance about half a mile over open country, where the ground was ripped up all around them by rifle, shrapnel and machine-guns. "Just before the last rush," wrote a man of the Worcesters, "I ordered my comrades to follow me. As I started, I glanced back and found no one following, for the simple reason that no one was left. I had my coat and trousers ripped up by bullets and pieces of shell. About a score of Germans had taken refuge behind some tree trunks about five yards in front. Half a dozen of us waited on the poor devils, and as they ran out one by one we potted them like so many rabbits—it reminded me rather of ferreting. We succeeded in what we were sent to do, but the casualties were very severe."

In the fighting about St. Julien fell Lieutenant Frederick Curtler, who came of a well known Worcestershire family. Drummer Howard of C Company spoke of his death in the simple words: "He was brave, and died doing his duty." "We had orders," he wrote, "to dig ourselves in, so I dug head cover for two, myself and Mr. Curtler, as he was running from place to place with orders. He came and lay beside me at times, laughing and joking. The last time he came he asked me for one of the cigarettes which had been sent out to me two days before. I gave him one and he gave me some chocolate, saying, 'When we get to the next village remind me that I give you some Turkish cigarettes, the mail is sure to be in, and I am getting some.' I thanked him and said, 'Keep down, sir, or you won't reach the next village.' He laughed and said, 'Oh, that's all right, but I must go to the Captain,' and went about twelve yards when a bullet hit him. I wriggled like a snake from my head cover (for to stand up and run meant certain death) to the place where Mr. Curtler had fallen, but I could do no good, for he had passed away. I wriggled back to my head cover and cried, and I was not the only one."

By October 27th the British front was readjusted, the 2nd Division now extending only from Zonnebeke to Reutel, while the 1st lay between Reutel and the Gheluvelt cross-roads. When the great wave of the German offensive broke against the centre of the 1st Corps between the 29th and 31st, at the Gheluvelt cross-roads, and the 1st Division was forced backwards to the woods between Hooze and Veldhoek, it was—as has been described above—the weight of the Worcesters' magnificent attack that turned the scale in these most critical autumn days.

The 3rd Battalion, which was raised at the time of the Boer War, was, like the 2nd, in the firing line at Mons, but in the 7th Brigade in the 3rd Division of the Second Army Corps. From the town of Mons, which was held by the 7th Brigade, the Worcesters retreated to within fourteen miles of Paris with "no rations, no sleep, and marching and fighting day and night" during the most critical days, glad of apples from the orchards they passed through, and the turnips and swedes in the deserted fields.

After the Marne was crossed the army moved rapidly to the Aisne, where, of the 3rd Division, the 8th Brigade crossed at Vailly, but the 7th and 9th found the bridge at Condé in German hands, and their passage was delayed. When on the north bank of the Aisne, at Vailly, there was some difficulty in getting rations over the river, and the Worcesters risked their lives in securing grapes from the vineyards on the slopes. From Vailly the Division made an attempt to advance on the Aizy plateau, but was driven back to its old position near Vailly bridge, though on the 15th the high ground they had lost was retaken.

Leaving the trenches on the Aisne, the Worcesters took part in the difficult operations of Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's 2nd Army in October, during the advance towards La Bassée in which the 3rd Division lost its commander, Major-General Hubert Hamilton, on the 14th. Next day the 3rd Division made a rapid advance, driving the Germans from village to village, until they pushed them off the Estanes-La Bassée road: it was shot for shot, but the British kept advancing; and on the 16th the left flank of the Division was not far from Aubers. In the German counter-attack on the 21st the Worcesters lost a young and gallant officer, Lieutenant Underhill, of whom Corporal Wyre of the Worcesters wrote that he had never seen a braver man. "If ever there was a hero, he was one. He really died a glorious death. One

of his trouser-legs was split up, and mud was on his clothes, but he made a grand picture." As he had defied the bullets at Mons, and the shrapnel when thousands of soldiers crossed the Aisne on a single plank at Vailly, he stood shouting instructions to his men with no thought of cover, until he fell riddled with bullets from a machine-gun.

On the 22nd, when the 5th Division were driven from Violaines, the Worcesters and the 2nd Manchesters sharply counter-attacked and stopped the Germans from coming on. The weary 3rd Division was very heavily tried in the confused and desperate fighting of the last days of October, but when the Worcesters were relieved by the Gurkhas and went into billets, their rest was short, for they were sent North to take their share in the Ypres fighting near Armentières and the long winter in the trenches.

From Mons till November 7th the Worcesters lost in all thirty-two officers, and, like the rest of the much tried 2nd Corps, were reduced to a condition of extreme exhaustion. In January the Division had three weeks' rest, but the Worcesters were wanted for a "nasty bit of work on up the line," which the Brigadier said he could do if he had the Worcesters, so the regiment went without its rest; and to show its indomitable spirit, after its "nasty bit of work," marched round with a band consisting of two mess cans and two mouth-organs before turning in to their billets. In the great spring offensive at Neuve Chapelle the Worcesters were engaged some seven miles to the north, at Spanbroek Molen, where two privates, Suffolk and Willington, earned the D.C.M. for courage in saving life within a few yards of the enemy's trenches, and Sergeant Drinkhall for gallantry in leading the assault, and determination, though wounded in three places, in defending the trench he had won. Corporal Mansell, who had already won this decoration in November, won a clasp during this action at Spanbroek Molen for coolness in cutting the enemy's wires and for remaining at his post when wounded in three places—a fine record of endurance, even among "the Firms." And the officers of the Worcesters were no less cool and enduring. Mansell, who is now a sergeant, speaks of Lieutenant-Colonel Stuart in a later action as "walking about under shell fire, with a cigarette going, as if it was quite safe," while Captain Gabb, who had been twice wounded, had not left the battalion for sick leave. "When you have officers like these," in Mansell's words, "it gives you encouragement and you feel safe in following them. They are both heroes."

The 1st Battalion, which as the old 29th Foot won Wellington's praise as "the best regiment in this army," and Lord Cathcart's as "the best of the British Infantry," came into line in November, in the 24th Brigade, in Major-General Davies's 8th Division. They were to the fore in the March fighting at Neuve Chapelle and at Festubert in May. The brigade attacked from the Neuve Chapelle-Armentières highway on the morning of the 10th, before the smoke and dust of the artillery preparation had lifted, and were checked after their morning's advance by machine-gun fire from the cross-roads west of Pietre Village.

Next day the Worcesters made a charge at some houses still occupied by Germans, and found many lying in the roadway pretending to be wounded or dead, while others offered their purses and watches, crying "Mercy, English." Just before dawn on the 12th the Germans opened fire on Neuve Chapelle, and before it was light the grey columns of their attack were launched. In front of the Worcesters the Bavarian troops advanced in column, an officer on horseback in their midst, while a non-commissioned officer was seen herding them on with a whip. The grey lines pushed on and rolled over, some on the top of each other, and though a few reached our line, there were not enough to break through. In leading the Worcesters in counter-attacks, Lieutenant-Colonel Wodehouse, who was in command, fell on March 12th at the head of his men, and Major John Winnington won distinction for his gallantry and foresight. The dogged tenacity of the Worcesters in the three days of fighting without intermission won the praise of their Divisional General, Major-General Sir Francis Davies, who is a Worcestershire man, and who found time to write to Lord Coventry of their "splendid behaviour." "They are serving in my Division, so I know what they did; they have covered themselves with glory. We can all be very proud of them."

Very different is the scene in which the 4th Battalion, which was at Rangoon before sailing to the Dardanelles, has played its part. The Worcesters were in the 88th Brigade of the famous 29th Division—the heroes of the immortal storming of the beaches of Gallipoli on Sunday, April 25th. They were in the second lot of boats to land on Beach "W," between Tekke and Helles, where the sands were stained

with the blood of the Lancashire Fusiliers and the Essex. The sea, too, was discoloured for fully rooyds. out and the beach strewn with dead, some at the water's edge, some half hidden by the sea. But the losses of the Worcesters in the landing were light, and they captured a fort and improved their position, which they held through a sleepless night of Turkish counter-attacks. "They tried to break through our lines six times that night," wrote a man of the Worcesters, "and every time they came we cut them down like cutting corn." Next morning Seddul-Bahr was stormed by two companies of the Worcesters, who surrounded it on three sides, while a platoon under a second lieutenant charged right up to the earthworks, over the top, and straight on. They soon returned with Turkish and German prisoners, while those who had surrounded the fort chased the remainder of the garrison, who had retired by the back way. "It was a glorious sight, and we cheered until we were hoarse, especially when the second lieutenant came back smoking a cigarette, with his left sleeve soaked in blood, and his revolver still in his hand."



CAPT. RONALD LECHMERE.

Who has been wounded.

that day the 88th Brigade, which was in the centre of the allied front, with the French brigade on its right and the 87th on its left, got within a few hundred yards of Krithia, and the apex of Gallipoli was held. In a determined Turkish counter-attack the French brigade was forced back. The Worcesters on the right flank of the 88th Brigade suffered severely, and were also forced to retire at dark, bloody and exhausted, expecting a night attack, but determined to "sell out" before giving way. The spirit of the men was unbroken. "On the day of our great loss," wrote a man of the Worcesters, "I used three rifles, and fired about 600 rounds, taking deliberate aim each time. I am afraid I have caused tears to flow in more than one Turkish harem, and dyed the poppy fields of Gallipoli a deeper red."

After but a short release from the trenches, two companies of the Worcesters, on May 1st, carried on the traditions of their regiment in France and Flanders in "repairing" the line of the Senegalese, who had begun to give ground; and in the later stages of the step-by-step advance up the peninsula the



2ND LIEUT. ROGER CHANCE.

Has been wounded and won the Military Cross.

Thus the Worcesters set foot on Gallipoli, though one platoon landed at "V" Beach, which was commanded by Seddul-Bahr, from the now famous River Clyde. On the morning of the 27th the advance was able to proceed, and the Worcesters advanced about three miles without much hindrance; but next day they found themselves up against a stubborn Turkish defence. On

Turkish communication trench, and remained alone, after nearly all his party had been killed or wounded, at the head of the trench and kept back the Turks single-handed until a barrier had been built behind him and the trench secured.

Coming through this experience of murderous fire unwounded, he has won the Victoria Cross.

The Worcestershire families are all setting a splendid and shining example of patriotism. Lord Coventry's eldest son, Lord Deerhurst, is on the Staff of the Gloucester and Worcester Brigade; and another son, the Hon. Charles Coventry, is major in the Worcestershire Yeomanry. Lord Dudley is in command of the Worcestershire Yeomanry, in which his eldest son, Lord Ednam, had a commission until he joined the 10th Hussars. His brother, the Hon. Gerald Ward of the 1st Life Guards, is reported missing, and the Hon. Cyril Ward is in the Navy. Lord Plymouth's eldest son, Lord Windsor, is on Lord Methuen's Staff at Malta; while his younger son, the Hon. Archer Windsor-Clive of the Coldstream Guards, died of wounds received at Landrecies, when half a battalion of the regiment were told off to act as outposts during the retreat from Mons. Lord Hampton is Captain in the Worcestershire Yeomanry, and his brother, the Hon. Humphrey Pakington, is in the Navy. Lord Cobham's eldest son, Major the Hon. John Lyttleton, is major in the Worcestershire Yeomanry; the Hon. G. W. Lyttleton is in the Eton College Officers Training Corps, and the Hon. R. G. Lyttleton is now at the front with the 2nd Lincolnshire battery of the 1st North Midland Brigade of Artillery. The Hon. H. Lygon is serving in the Suffolk Yeomanry, and the Hon. R. Lygon in the Grenadier Guards. Lord Hindlip is on the General Staff, as is Captain the

Worcesters again won honourable mention for one company's share in the attack of the 8th Royal Scots on June 19th, which drove the Turks from an awkward salient in our line into which they had broken. "My congratulations on a brilliant and successful counter-attack," runs Lieutenant-General Hunter-Weston's Army Order, "in which one company of the Worcester Regiment participated with The Royal Scots this morning. This adds one more to the many occasions on which I have felt proud to have your fine battalion in my command." On the 28th, when a portion of the regiment was checked and all the officers put out of action, Second-Lieutenant Herbert James put fresh life into the attack by gathering together a body of men and leading them forward under heavy fire. He then returned and organised a second attacking party. A few days later he headed a bombing party up a



LT.-GENERAL SIR FRANCIS J. DAVIES.

Now commanding an Army Corps.

LIEUT. C. J. DUDLEY-SMITH.

Killed in action.

Hon. A. P. Allsopp, the youngest son of the first Lord Hindlip; and Major the Hon. Ernest Allsopp is in the Royal Horse Artillery.

The Severn with its broad and deep current, runs the entire length of the county, from the north above Bewdley to the south by Tewkesbury. Taking first the part of Worcestershire on the right bank of the Severn, near Bewdley, the eldest son of Mr. Robert Woodward of Arley Castle, Lieutenant Robert Woodward of the 1st South Wales Borderers, has fallen in action, also Second-Lieutenant James Nash of the East Surrey Regiment, son of Mr. R. Nash of The Noak. Captain Brodie of Broadwas Court, has lost his second son, Lieutenant Donald Francis Brodie, who went down with the D5. Mr. A. C. Cherry of Henwick Hall has lost his only son, Sub-Lieutenant Lancelot Cherry, who joined the Drake Battalion and was killed in action in the Dardanelles in May, and Mr. Cherry's brother, Colonel Cherry, has two sons on active service, Captain R. G. Cherry in the artillery, and Mr. P. A. B. Cherry in the 10th Northumberland Fusiliers. Of the sons of the Hon. Mrs. Britten of Kenswick Manor, Lieutenant Forester Britten of the Coldstream Guards has been wounded, and Lieutenant C. R. Britten is in the Grenadier Guards; the eldest son of Mr. George Chance, Second-Lieutenant Roger Chance of the 4th Dragoon Guards, who has been wounded, has won the Military Cross, and Lieutenant W. H. S. Chance is with the 4th Worcesters.

Mr. Berington of Little Malvern Court was serving in the 6th Worcesters as long as his health permitted, and of his two brothers, Captain Charles M. Berington is with the 3rd Worcesters, and Lieutenant John J. Berington in the Royal Marines.

Sir Edmund Lechmere's only son, Captain Ronald Lechmere of the 5th Dragoons, has been wounded; Lieutenant Nicholas Lechmere is serving with the Scots Guards, and Lieutenant Anthony Lechmere is at the depot of the Worcestershire Regiment. Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. H. Davey of Hopton Court is on the



R. Haines.

Copyright.

THE HON. H. LYGON.

Serving in the Suffolk Yeomanry.

wounded. Major Maurice Berkeley, is with the 6th Worcesters; Colonel T. Mowbray Berkeley, Quartermaster-General to the East Anglian Division at Thetford; Captain Habert Berkeley is attached to the 1st Warwickshire Battery; the Rev. Oswald Berkeley, Chaplain to the Forces, is with the 17th Division at the front; and Major Christopher Berkeley, D.S.O., is on the Staff.

Of the families in the neighbourhood of Worcester, Lieutenant C. W. Hooper, a son of Colonel Winsmore Hooper of Powick, who is in the Highland Light Infantry, has been wounded, and from Broadheath has gone Admiral Cuming,



W. and D. Downey.

Copyright.

CAPT. THE HON. R. LYGON.

In the Grenadier Guards.

who retired after forty years in the Navy and has now returned to command a patrol boat. The Bishop of Worcester's two sons are serving, one in the Navy, the other in the Flying Corps. Of Mr. C. W. Dyson Perrins' sons, Mr. J. A. Dyson Perrins, who was in the 3rd Seaforth Highlanders, has recently received a commission in the Welsh Guards, and Mr. Charles F. Dyson Perrins is a 2nd Lieutenant in the Worcestershire Battery of the 2nd South Midland Brigade of Artillery.

In the larger share, two-thirds, of the county on the left bank of the Severn, near Stourbridge, Captain E. B.

Amphlett of the 12th Worcestershire Regiment, second son of Mr. John Amphlett of Clent, has fallen in action at Gallipoli. Near Redditch, Major Hugh Gray-Cheape and Captain Leslie Cheape, sons of Mrs. Cheape of Bentley Manor, are serving in the Worcestershire Yeomanry. Second Lieutenant James Fairfax Amphlett-Morton of the King's Royal Rifles, who was mentioned in despatches, the younger son of Mr. Amphlett-Morton of Puxton House, near Kidderminster, was killed in action at La Bassée, and Major Hubert Galton has lost his elder son, Lieutenant T. H. Galton, who was with the 4th Worcesters, and has a younger son with the colours. Mr. Michael Tomkinson has five sons serving, Captain H. Tomkinson, who is in the Worcestershire Yeomanry, Captain Wilfred Tomkinson in the Navy, Mr. F. M. Tomkinson and Mr. G. S. Tomkinson in the 7th Worcesters, while Mr. C. Tomkinson has a command in British East Africa.

Captain J. E. V. Isaac of the Rifle Brigade, son of Mrs. Isaac of Kempsey, who won the D.S.O. for gallantry on October 24th, fell at Fromelles; his eldest brother, A. W. Isaac, has joined the 5th Worcesters, and his brother, Lieutenant F. S. Isaac, is in the 1st Worcesters. Captain Richard Durand Temple, son of Sir Richard Temple, who has done such signal service as Chairman of the County Territorial Association, is attached to the South Wales Borderers. Major Eliot Bromley-Martin of Ham Court, near Upton, is in the Worcestershire Yeomanry, and Mrs. Grice-Hutchinson's two sons are serving, Major Grice-Hutchinson in the Royal Field Artillery and Mr. C. G. Grice-Hutchinson in the 10th South Staffords. Lieutenant C. J. Dudley-Smith, elder son of Mr. Dudley-Smith of Strensham Court, and grandson of Lord Coventry, has been killed in action.

Colonel Alfred H. Hudson of Wick, who commands the

Worcestershire Volunteers, lost a son, Lieutenant Aubrey Hudson, early in the war, and another son, Lieutenant W. W. Hudson is serving in the 11th Worcesters. The three sons of the late General Davies of Elmley Castle are serving; Lieutenant-General Sir Francis Davies, Captain Hugh Davies, and Colonel H. R. Davies who has been in command of the Oxford and Buckingham Light Infantry and is now Brigadier-General. Lieutenant-General Sir Francis Davies, who commanded the 8th Division and was mentioned in despatches for his work at Neuve Chapelle, now commands an Army Corps.

M. J.



Elliott and Fry.

Copyright.

LORD WINDSOR.

On Lord Methuen's Staff at Malta.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MR. CHARLES MARRIOTT is one of the most intelligent writers of his generation, and he has made a most interesting attempt to depict the evolution of a literary genius amid modern surroundings. Were he as convincing as he is clever, *Davenport* (Hutchinson) would be a masterpiece. In the first place it is written. The author has matured his style till it is easy, sure and attractive. His conception of a character to go with the poetic temperament is exalted.

We all know something and can divine more of the child, youth and man who comes into the world so endowed. His universal human sympathies draw him to the crowd, and yet he never can be one of them. Their aims and ideals are not his. He does not march to their drum, he does not measure with their tape nor weigh with their scales. Nor does he speak their language. Yet he may not withdraw from their society. Whatsoever things men do form the material on which his art is exercised. It is at the peril of his soul to act the superior and dwell aloof, for his art will have no "cloistered virtue." When once a man conceives of himself as a genius, he becomes merely a superior person. He may, in russet brown, run beside the running brooks, but he will not sing a music sweeter than their own unless he has picked up the chords in the market place or heard their low humming by those engaged in the prosaic everyday tasks of life.

Mr. Marriott well understood the difficulty of his task and no doubt it constituted a good reason for the adoption of the *oratio obliqua*. He puts the tale into the mouth of a fastidious, crotchety old bachelor and confines his effort to attempting to depict the impression produced by his hero on a certain type of mind. The method has disadvantages as well as merits. There are moments in the narrative when we are pulled up with amazement at the minute analysis and ceaseless mental conjecture which Stephen Cator bestows on the young Belsire. And it is extended to all and sundry of the *dramatis personæ*. Glances and nods, salutations and farewells, a grave look, a laugh in the wrong place, an accent, a sigh, are noted and commented on and conjecturally explained, till the reader begins to hope that in his own circle there is no such passionate attention to detail. For well he knows that gesture and emphasis, cordiality and coldness, as often come from internal and personal causes as from external. Mere mood will nine times out of ten account for his attitude to men and life.

For the rest it is not a novelty to define a hero as two men in one. "R. L. S." did it in a famous little book, and William Sharpe knew the art of being by turns a man and a woman. Neither case is exactly analogous to the duality of genius. Harry Belsire as Harry Belsire is a smart, fashionably dressed, well-groomed townsman, whose genius finds its only expression in photographic art—the art so fully exemplified in our pages, which, indeed, were the original font of his inspiration:

Just after I had started for Persia the Nugents came in contact with a Bristol photographer who was making a speciality of churches and country houses, chiefly with a view to reproduction in illustrated papers and works on architecture. It was an article for *COUNTRY LIFE* on the Nugents' place at Tytherington that brought about the acquaintance, in fact.

Eventually he went into the employment of Nicolas and Gardner and, save for a few little eccentricities, conducted himself much as any other young man might have done. But his other ego was a poet, prophet and seer who wrote in the *Piccadilly Gazette* and murmured under the Buckingham beeches a music sweeter than their own. The peculiarity of the case is that one ego was unconscious of the other and Harry sought his real self even as another celebrated character chased his shadow. A witch in society (no how else can we describe Mrs. Orme!) unchained the finer spirit by the potency of her spells. No doubt she would say this language is old-fashioned, for Betty was a psychical expert who found in Harry a medium who brought messages from the thither side and wrote them with a planchette all in the manner of Julia.

This, indeed, is the weakness of the novel, and it says much for the skill of Mr. Charles Marriott that, in spite of such an uncouth device, he has managed to sustain the fresh and inexplicable charm of one of the pleasantest novels we have read for a long time.

Irish Eclogues, by Edward E. Lysaght. (Maunsell and Co. Dublin).

Oh ye poets who have sung
Praises of our country life

Had ye ever left your beds
To tend a suffering horse's colic?

This prosaic question defines for practical purposes the poetic aims of a poet new to us, but with a fine and genuine note. He at once differentiates himself from those once popular bards who sounded the bucolic lyre.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow.

How easy it were to roll off a hundred charming pictures of the country made by those whose impressions come purely from the exterior! Their super-refined minds revolt from contact with the grossness of rural life. It is the distinction of Mr. Lysaght that his clear song comes pealing out of the worst of the grime. Who he is we know not. But that he has the root of the matter in him his verses declare. His qualities may have been inherited from a namesake who in the closing years of the eighteenth century was a well known wit, *bon vivant*, and poet in Dublin society. We refer to the E. Lysaght who wrote "Kate of Garnavilla." He, too, blows the "oaten pipe":

Philomel, I've listened oft
To thy lay nigh weeping willow,
Oh! the strain more sweet and soft
That flows from Kate of Garnavilla.

But, of course, this Mr. Lysaght was "daffing"; he did not take his poetry very seriously. His verses are only those of a man of wit. The new Mr. Lysaght in the mood of this book is extremely serious. He is determined to have reality at any cost. It may lead him occasionally into bathos, but the bathos is not that associated with "the art of sinking." "Had ye ever left your beds to tend a suffering horse's colic" cannot be turned into poetry by ending a line at "beds" and beginning the next with a capital. "I heard a lone calf calling for the mother it had lost" is not turned into poetry or improved as prose by inserting the ill sounding adverbs "plaintively, drearily." Standing alone, they might suggest that Mr. Lysaght has sacrificed himself on the dull unpoetic altar of realism. But it is not so. These are but the occasional failures. His imagination again and again triumphs over the muck and sweat which he will not ignore. Often he accomplishes with apparent ease what W. E. Henley used to try so much for. Thus:

A minute since the cold incessant rain
Beating in gusts against my lonely shutter,
The big bleak empty barrack's ghostly sounds,
The icy draughts that made my candle gutter,
The four bare walls that were the gloomy bounds
Of my inhabited domain,
The narrow bed with blankets still untended,
The nail where hung the rags that no one mended,

A single perfume from the haggard,
The subtle scent of sheltered cattle,
A startled rooster's tittle-tattle,
The champ of horses in the stable,
The windcock creaking on the gable,
Even a new calved heifer's moan,
Her plaintive yearning monotone,
Makes me feel less alone.

That is indeed country life as it appears to the sensitive and highly cultivated, with every sight and sound and smell brought to the recollection and the senses of the reader; but that Mr. Lysaght can write his bucolics in the old joyous singing way, let "The River Meadow" prove:

Gracefully, steadily, easily
Three men are mowing
Bending and rising they capture the
Rhythm of rowing.

Swish goes the cut of the scythes as they
Glide all together
Through the cool stems of the river hay
In the hot weather.

Then at the end of the swath comes the
Sound of the honing
Grating but ringing melodiously
Like a bee droning.

Morning and noon time and evening
Comes a young maiden
Porter and buttermilk carrying
Willingly laden.

And while they drink under shadowy
Willows eternal
The meadow distils for them heavenly
Scent of sweet-vernal.

It has been a great pleasure to come across this fresh and delightful book of verses, and we hope to make further and closer acquaintance with the author.

FARMERS AND THE BUDGET.

IN a single sentence of his Budget speech the Chancellor of the Exchequer made an announcement of the greatest moment to the farmers of this country. Referring to the increases in the Income Tax, he said: "I propose that the assessment under Schedule B shall be taken at the rent paid, instead of at one-third of the rent, without affecting the option of the assessed person to claim to be brought under Schedule D." As most of us know to our cost, "Schedule D" is the portion of the Income Tax Act which deals with profits made in business. Mr. McKenna's announcement attracted very little notice in the House of Commons, possibly because few members appreciated its effect.

Let us endeavour to show what the alteration really means. The taxpayer who is in business is assessed for Income Tax on the basis of his profits. But in the case of farmers the rule is different. The farmer may elect whether he will be assessed on his profits or his rent. The latter method is provided for by Schedule B of the Act. Hitherto, if he proposed the rental basis, he was assessed on one third of his rent. Henceforth, if he elects this basis, he is to be assessed on the total rent paid. As already stated, his option to be assessed on his actual profits is to continue. Should he elect that scheme of taxation, he will be assessed in the same way as any other business man. To give a concrete example. On a farm rented at £333 a year, the Schedule B assessment would be one-third of the rent, namely

£111. If the actual profit of the farm for the year was more than £111, the farmer would be so much to the good; if it was less, he could claim to be charged under Schedule D, or he could claim repayment of the excess Income Tax paid. In future, such a farmer will be charged on the full £333, instead of on £111. Put into actual figures, it means that a farmer whose farm is rented at £333 a year would last year have paid, taking the tax at 1s. 6d. in the pound, the sum of £8 6s. 6d.; this year with the tax at, say, 1s. 10d., he will have to pay £30 13s. 6d., subject in each case to any abatement or allowance to which he may be entitled.

Dealing with the matter of exemptions, it is evident that the effect of the new law will be to bring every farmer whose rent or annual value is over £130 within the net of the Income Tax collector. What has been termed the preferential treatment of our great national industry has vanished, and it behoves each farmer to consider carefully whether he will not do better to seek assessment as a trader under Schedule D, rather than remain in the trebled Schedule B category. The time for making election in the ordinary way has already expired, but presumably in the circumstances, an extended period will be allowed. Further, any farmer who has reason to apprehend that his profits for a year will not be as much as the rent of his farm should make a claim for exemption, relief or abatement, for his right to repayment at the end of the year depends upon such a claim having been duly made.

Book-keeping has always been a weak point with the British farmer. It may well be that the change in the Income Tax will stimulate him to keep his accounts on a better system. Without proper accounts he cannot tell whether he is paying Income Tax on more than he is making. The rental system of assessment (Schedule B) is a rough and ready method which does not require any proper account of profits earned, and so long as the two-thirds abatement continued, the farmer, for Income Tax purposes, had very little incentive to ascertain what his profits really were. Under the new regime he will be unable to take matters so easily. He may not think proper books necessary for his own information, but he will not stomach paying heavy tax on profits which he has not really earned. Every cloud has a silver lining, and if the new liabilities produce a better system of book-keeping among British farmers, it will probably save the industry a good deal more money than the amount of the increased taxation which it has to bear.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAWKING IN FRANCE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a sketch by a soldier friend in France, with an extract from his letter describing a day's hawking. He is not, as you will perceive, an expert falconer, but I hope his account may nevertheless be interesting, even to those who may smile at some technical errors. "We went off yesterday to see some hawking. An old French gentleman, very distinguished looking and speaking English wonderfully well, met us by the roadside. He had two attendants, one with the two hawks and the other with a basket of ferrets, for we were after rabbits, any other form of hawking not being allowed in France. The warren was a wide stretch of sandy ground near the sea, and, as we walked over, our host told us that he was the only person left in France who went in for the sport, but that he had hawked rooks on Salisbury Plain with some English enthusiasts. The ferrets were put down and we were grouped so as to head the rabbit into the open, while our host stood in front with the falcon on his gloved hand, holding lightly the thong attached to the bird's leg. Presently a rabbit bolted and the bird was off, noiselessly skimming the ground with no apparent effort of pace. The rabbit scurried back through us and the great brown wings, seen from above, looked very jolly. Next moment there was a flutter and the falcon was lying against a rabbit hole, with its legs drawn down and an absurdly detached look in its orange-ringed eye. Our host's arm went down to the elbow to fetch the rabbit out, but the bird's claws were gripping it firmly round the neck and head. This they never fail to do. Another interesting thing is that they never attempt to eat their prey till it is dead. Our host broke the rabbit's neck, the bird crouching on it with curved wings all the time, and then lured the falcon on to his wrist with a piece of raw meat. A fine drizzle had begun by this time and, though another rabbit was bolted, the bird had hurt itself and refused to be drawn. We thought the show was over, as the assistant took away the bird, but he brought back another at once, which squawked volubly as it came. Our host told us that it was Bosche, which he had got from Falconwald, a village somewhere in Germany, where, as its name implies, they still keep up the



THE DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING GENTLEMAN AND HIS FALCON.

sport, the birds, as far as I could make out, coming mostly from Sweden. This time the bird killed in the open, and when we ran up he was crouched with spread wings, one claw on the rabbit's nose and the other gripping its neck. This one pecked at the fur and was harder to lure from his victim. As we went towards the next burrow I was puzzled by the bird every now and then apparently losing its balance and flapping furiously head downwards till it righted itself, but found it was launching out at frogs in the grass. There was another very short and unsuccessful flight, the rabbit finding a hole near by. Then came a long pause in the drizzle, the ferrets coming up every few minutes and being picked up and unceremoniously popped down another hole. So our host produced from a hamper plum cake, some glasses and a bottle of port, and—Oh! the enormity of it—we solemnly drank some at five o'clock in the afternoon; after which we motored back, having had the most amusing afternoon I've spent for some time."—B.

DERBYSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Many a Derbyshire man with myself has, no doubt, read the Derbyshire section of "What Notts and Derby have done for the War," and read with pride and pleasure mixed with pain, and fully appreciate the justice done by the writer to "the old 95th," as it was known before the name was merged into the Sherwoods. Your writer quotes the old rhyme, as old almost as the Derbyshire hills, but he does not quote aright, though there are several versions to choose from. With your permission I give the rhyme as known to me from my birth—a rhyme of which all lowland and highland men of the "Peakrl" are justly proud, for the proverbial "weak yeds" stand above "warm stout hearts," as the great deeds of "the old 95th" show. The old rhyme runs:

"Darbyshire born an' Darbyshire bred,
Stron' i' th' awm, an' weak i' th' yed
Bu' they've 'art th' men that gets cron an' lead."

It is a rhyme thoroughly characteristic of the "thick yedded an' iron boddied" Peakrls of the county in which, when the land was "given out," there was so much "over measure" that it had to be "set up on end to mak' room for it."—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

LORD LYTTON'S COMPETITION COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Those of your readers who have followed closely all the details of your National Cottage Competition may be interested to have some particulars of the pair of cottages which I built at Knebworth, in accordance with Messrs. A. and J. Soutar's design (for the Hertfordshire type) which won the first prize. The architects' original estimate for the pair was £335, representing a price of 4½d. per cubic foot, but this expressly excluded gas and water supply. The total amount paid to the contractors was £383 5s., made up as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Estimated cost	335	0	0
Extra cost of carting owing to increased distance between site and railway station	4	5	0
Extra cost of excavating, filling under floors, etc., and extra brickwork in walls	10	0	0
Extra cost of laying gas services (8 points to each cottage)	8	0	0
Extra cost of laying-on water services	8	10	0
" " Cesspool	10	0	0
" " Tar paving with wood edging, etc.	2	5	0
" " Paths and fencing	5	5	0
	£383	5	0

The first and second extra items were occasioned by my building the cottages on a more troublesome site than that described in the conditions of the competition; instead of being level (as was the original site) the ground fell considerably, and its greater distance from the railway station involved greater cost of haulage. For practical purposes, therefore, it is fair to say that the architects completed their work within the limits of their estimate, and the enclosed photograph shows that the cottages are attractive in their simplicity. It may also be of interest to your readers to know that I obtained a loan of £278 from the Landowners' Rural Housing Society for the erection of these two cottages. This the Society was able to obtain from the Public Works Loan Board at 4½ per cent. interest. The loan has to be paid off in forty years, and the total annual instalments, including sinking fund, amount to £5 4s. 6d. Had it not been for the inconvenient restrictions by which a tenant-for-life is still governed, I could have arranged with the Society, by making a charge upon neighbouring land as additional security, to obtain the loan of the whole of the cost of the cottages at the same low rate of 4½ per cent. The experiment of building these cottages has been an interesting one, and I think has fully justified the trouble and attention which COUNTRY LIFE has given to the subject.—LYTTON.



LORD LYTTON'S COMPETITION COTTAGES.

A NORTH AMERICAN BLACKBIRD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph taken this summer of a male brewer blackbird at the nest. It is the only picture that I have been able to get



A BREWER BLACKBIRD FEEDING ITS YOUNG.

of this species and, although not altogether what was wanted, it gives an excellent idea of the glossy plumage and staring yellow eyes of the male bird. Nearly a day was spent getting this photograph, for, although they follow the ploughs and working horses boldly, they are very suspicious of anything unusual. The nest contained a young cowbird in addition to the young blackbirds when I visited it.—H. H. PITTMAN, Saskatchewan.

HIVES AMONG THE HEATHER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Last week, on one of the most glorious days we have enjoyed this summer, I took a twenty-four mile walk across the Lammermoors, hills new to me.



A HIVE SETTLEMENT AMONG THE HEATHER.

The route was from East Linton station to Garvald, thence—eighteen miles without an inn—across the hills and down the valley of the Whiteadder to Duns. Just on the watershed, beside a burn that flowed into the Whiteadder, I came across a scene of which the enclosed photograph may be of interest. I knew, of course, that bee-keepers, when heather is at hand, transport their bees in early autumn to the hills, but I had never seen a settlement of hives. To me, accustomed to the sight of hives in Herefordshire cottage gardens, it was a most curious experience to come quite suddenly upon this little colony alone on the wide moor; no house within a mile, no sound except the call of sheep, the singing of the burn.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

A FIRE WHICH HAS NOT BEEN EXTINGUISHED FOR OVER 100 YEARS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of September 25th appears an interesting notice of the Chequers Inn in Yorkshire. The description of the pan over the fire answers exactly to that in use to this day in the farmers' houses in the south of Ireland, in which the family bread is still frequently, and when I was a child was invariably, baked. The custom of keeping the fire in, too, was, in turf-burning counties, almost universal, and it was thought unlucky to have it go out. That this has been the case for hundreds of years is indicated by the folklore of the South, and also in the district of Donegal, which is peopled by the same races as the South-West. It would, perhaps, be interesting to know if this superstition is common, as so many are between these regions and the Western Highlands of Scotland.—EVE M. DAVIS.

AN UNUSUAL SITE FOR A BEE'S NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a lane near Bulth Wells, Breconshire, a swarm of bees have attached their honeycomb to a tree stump in an open situation. The honeycomb,

honey and bees at work are in full view. A farmer has placed a sheet of corrugated iron to protect them from rain. As will be seen the topmost layer of comb is a very curious shape resembling a cricket bat.—A. B.



A CURIOUS HONEYCOMB.

the daytime. I know the little owls well as I have often stayed in Bedfordshire where they are quite common, and I once kept a little owl in a large cage as a pet. I have not heard the cry for a long time now, but have heard the brown owls hooting a lot lately.—C. M. ARCHDALL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was most interested to see Mr. (?) C. M. Archdall's letter entitled: "An Owl's Cry" in COUNTRY LIFE of September 11. I also live in a wooded district in Wales, and have frequently heard the cry he describes, but have always thought it to be the short cry of the white, barn or shriek owl (*Strix Flammea*), and not the young of the brown owls, as I hear the cry "keewik" or "kiwik" all the year round. One of the owls comes to an old quarry under my window very often, and will sometimes stay there hunting for about half an hour. He will sometimes give as many as four or five of these short cries, but generally before leaving gives the true barn owl shriek.—MILDRED C. TATE.



IN CENTRAL FRANCE.

spinster. I thought you would like to have another kind of our French spinsters, very old and quaint. I herewith enclose a photograph taken in the centre of France, and I hope you will think it worthy of being inserted in your valuable paper. It is interesting, I think, as evidence of

how slowly old industries die when not brought into direct competition with modern methods.—JOSEPH DE MONTEROY.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Where a certain class of wounded soldier ought to find employment easily is on the dairy farm. Owners of milking herds are almost reduced to despair in many parts of the country owing to the extreme difficulty experienced in finding milkers, either male or female. The hands prefer, whenever possible, to go on a farm of mixed husbandry, because there they get wages at least equally good and they have their freedom on Sundays; whereas the milker has to attend to work on each of the seven days. A man would, of course, require to have the use of both hands to milk, but it is not uncommon in the country at the present moment to find a capable milker in one who has lost a leg. Those among the wounded soldiers who were farm servants before they enlisted would probably find this work very much to their minds, and even those who have had no previous experience could learn it without difficulty. We have heard in one village of two large dairy farmers sending milk to London who propose to dispose of their herds if no solution of the difficulty is forthcoming. Milking machines do not seem to meet the purpose satisfactorily, and there are not enough women in the village who can milk. With the threatened rise in the price of milk no effort ought to be spared to avoid the disbanding of dairy herds.—F. M.

EEL TRAPS.

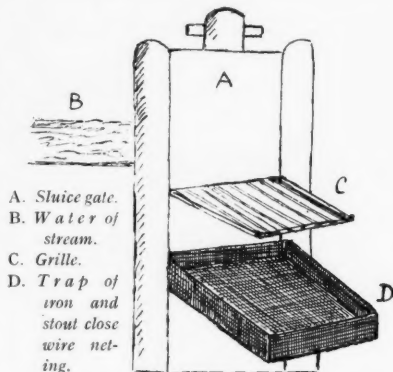
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is proposed to place a box or trap for eels in a weir across a river to intercept them as they go down to the sea this autumn. It would help very materially if you, or any of your readers, could supply a drawing of the same from one in actual use. Any information on the subject would be acceptable. I understand that there is a ready market for eels, and cannot help thinking that many riparian owners throughout the country are missing it for lack of a little enterprise in fixing an eel-trap. The weir in question is a wooden structure.

—DEVONIAN.

We sent this letter to Mr. Garrow Green, who is a fisherman, and Mr. Carruthers Gould, who is a naturalist. Mr. Green says:

I enclose a rude sketch of an old fashioned but effective trap which might meet the needs of your correspondent, i.e., if my explanation is plain enough. But I think the best, and, in the main, cheapest way would be for the gentleman to consult one of the piscicultural engineers who lay down the arrangements of hatcheries, etc. He would be able to place an up-to-date trap which would most likely be of a more lasting and effective character than any amateur efforts. I trust you will excuse my delay in replying to your letter.



When A is pulled up, B pours through on to C, falling through C and D. The eels are washed through C and fall into D. Then shut A and get out the fish.

Mr. F. H. Carruthers Gould says: Undoubtedly the best form of eel trap is the old fashioned wicker basket trap with the openings directed inwards, the wicker work sloping inwards towards the inlet. Eels are used to working their way among reeds and sticks, and seem to climb up the wicker work into the opening quite freely. Metal traps on the same system are made, but, probably owing to the material being strange, the eels do not take to them so readily. From experience they have to be left in the water some time before a catch will be made. These traps should be laid on their flat side with the openings, in the case of those traps with an inlet either end, directly facing up and downstream, for generally eels work their way up-stream and not across. It is not necessary to utilise a weir for trapping, they can be placed in position anywhere on the river bed with success, and should be baited with offal of some kind and weighted with a stone. During the winter months when the eels lie asleep in the mud banks, spearing is the usual mode of securing them, but the localities have to be extremely favourable to make this method of fishing pay. In the Eastern Counties this method is very much in vogue among the watermen and marshmen of the rivers and broads. When the eels are not embedded in the mud during the winter months bobbing for them is not bad sport, and will often result in quite a decent catch. Spring is the best time, and bobbing must be indulged in at night. A large number of worms are threaded on worsted yarn, perhaps a couple of yards. This gruesome line of worms is bunched up and tied in loops and attached to a line with a sinker, and the line fastened to a stout rod or pole. The bob should be kept about an inch or so from the bottom, and should be constantly slightly raised and lowered with a regular up and down movement. As soon as a bite is felt it is brought to the surface with an even pull and the eel, whose teeth have stuck in the worsted yarn, jerked off into the boat. In the lagoon of Comacchio, at the mouth of the Po, eels were cultivated on a large scale, and probably the elaborate ponds and canals constructed in connection with the industry are being worked still. At the end of the sixteenth century the culture yielded £16,000 annually. In 1903 the eels sold fetched £28,000. The eelers are guided into these ponds from the sea and are fed until they arrive at maturity when they are captured systematically for the market from August to December.